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The Week-end Review

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Mr Macleod and the Printers

On Tuesday afternoon Natsopa declared the printing-ink stoppage official, and Mr Macleod invited both the employers and the union to talks with his officials in an effort to prevent the closure of the national press by the end of the week. This last-minute intervention seems, as we go to press, to have a chance of success. But, if the ink dries up, Fleet Street will be shut down, and the Minister of Labour will be compelled to intervene in the whole dispute.

Until this week, Mr Macleod – like the public at large – seems to have been apathetic. This is not surprising, for the printing industry is a world to itself. The public takes its products for granted, and has little direct contact with either management or men. It is, therefore, difficult for most people to comprehend why things have come to such a bitter climax.

The short answer is that the present showdown comes after a good many years of deteriorating relations between the master printers and the trade unions. After the last dispute in 1956 it was common talk among some important employers that next time there would be no capitulation; and while the negotiations which preceded this stoppage dragged on, there was much calculation of the time that the union strike funds would last. Such employers scarcely bothered to conceal their desire to inflict a decisive defeat on the printing trade unions and thereby put themselves in a position to weaken what they regard as the union 'stranglehold' on the industry.

The ten unions involved – and not all of them represent highly-paid skilled workers – have been well aware that this desire for a showdown is what underlay the employers' initial refusal to entertain their claim for the 40-hour week and a wage increase. They are also aware that many employers would rather accept small profits in a high-cost industry than face the awkward problems of modernisation and high wages. Many firms are mismanaged or poorly equipped; others lack the capital to develop, or the competence to reorganise their operations. In such circumstances the reiterated complaint that the industry is in difficulties mainly because of the restrictive attitude of the unions seems merely hypocritical to the operatives.

It is true that distrust is now mutual – but it is also true that in recent years enlightened employers have found it possible to establish good relations with the unions, and have found little difficulty in getting union consent to new methods of work which have been advantageous both to shareholders and employees. The problem is how to restore confidence on both sides, not merely to bring the present stoppage to an end, but also to enable the industry to bring itself abreast of modern technology and labour relations. Mr Brigginshaw of Natsopa has recently put forward some suggestions for a large-scale reorganisation of the industry which indicate one way in which this might be achieved. Another possibility is that a joint commission be set up to examine the industry's problems, on much the same lines as the 'working parties' appointed by Sir Stafford Cripps after the war. If Mr Macleod is looking for a constructive line of intervention – as he certainly now is – such a commission would be a more promising idea than a court of inquiry with narrow terms of reference. For it was on complex technical problems that negotiations finally broke down. The gap between the two sides on hours and wages might have been bridged, had not the unions regarded the list of conditions that the employers attached to their final offer as a provocative attempt to rush through revisions of long-established practices. Such changes can be carried through only by co-operation, not by a trial of strength.

Comments on the Week's News

Hopes for the Summit

LEADERS on both sides of the Iron Curtain are having second thoughts about Geneva. The mood of exhaustion and frustration which immediately preceded the recess has passed. On the Soviet side, Mr Gromyko's 15-page statement on the talks finally refutes the view that his last set of proposals on Berlin was an ultimatum. He now appears to be willing to drop the 18-month clause or, indeed, any time limit to the western occupation, provided the West, for its part, does not insist on an explicit statement of the permanence of its rights in the city. There is some evidence that London and Washington are moving towards acceptance of a formula along these lines in which both sides, by tacit consent, refrain from pressing the logic of their position. This could provide the basis for a limited agreement when the foreign ministers meet again on 13 July, and so make it possible to fix the date of a Summit meeting. One of the encouraging features of the secret diplomacy being conducted on the western side is that the British and American governments are now working closely together. General de Gaulle's wrecking tactics in Nato – for which he is now trying to atone – and Dr Adenauer's unsavoury manoeuvres in Bonn have very much weakened the influence of the Bonn-Paris axis in Washington; and de Gaulle has not helped his case by his clumsy, and largely unsuccessful, attempt last week to rope Italy into a European pressure-group. President Eisenhower – who regards a loyal observance of the 'team spirit' as paramount – has now virtually accepted Mr Macmillan's concept of a 'recurrent Summit'. Fortunately, the Russians have wisely decided not to impair this more hopeful atmosphere by making anything more than a formal protest against the holding of the West German presidential elections in Berlin. It may be, indeed, that they welcome this opportunity for their East German satellites to get a bird's-eye view of western 'bourgeois' politicians indulging in unseemly and ruthless haggling for office.

Iraq Moves Right

THE danger of a Communist *coup d'état* in Iraq seems to have receded. Although trouble must be expected this month, on or around the anniversary of the revolution, the Communists and their allies are now very much on the defensive. Some leading fellow-travellers in the armed forces have been purged, and General Kassem is currently visiting units throughout the country to assure himself of the loyalty of their officers. Further purges in the civil service seem probable, and General Kassem, it is thought, plans direct action against the street gangs, organised by the CP and the so-called trades unions, which have terrorised Bagdad and Basra in recent months. His motives in breaking with the Communists are complex. Many people, no doubt, are becoming tired of the revolutionary excitement, which has reduced industrial activity by over 50 per cent since last autumn, and makes normal life impossible in the big cities. Great resentment has been caused by the widespread and often pointless arrests of ordinary citizens by gangs of self-appointed patriots, and the demand for the release of the miscellaneous group of politicians and officers sentenced by Colonel Mahdawi's farcical court is growing. The Russians have hastened the process by supplying inferior goods – particularly arms – by demanding immediate payment of the first instalment of their capital equipment loan, and by the arrogant behaviour of their commercial and military missions. Some sort of Iraqi rapprochement with Nasser can therefore be expected, though it is likely to be cautious and limited. The danger is that it may take place on the tempting basis of renewed hostility towards Israel. Egypt has lately been taking more stringent steps to halt the supply of goods to and from Israel passing through the Suez Canal: indeed, last week's decision of the Egyptian courts implies that the Canal authorities may now seize all products of Israeli manufacture irrespective of their destination, ownership or the nationality of the ship carrying them. A tightening of the boycott is sure to provoke an Israeli response, more particularly since Israel herself is passing through a political crisis (over arms deals with West Germany), and Israeli politicians, like their Arab neighbours, are tempted to take refuge from their internal troubles in nationalist tub-thumping. The Middle East seems destined for another uneasy summer.

Africans in the White Highlands

THE debate on the land question in the Kenya legislature on 19 June was of deep significance. A motion sponsored by Mr Blundell and his New Kenya Group, and receiving the support of a number of European members, urged the government to make available unalienated Crown lands to farmers of all races. Since considerable acreages of such land lie in the White Highlands, it is clear that a breach in the inviolability of this area as a European preserve is now accepted as inevitable. None the less the wording of the motion requires to be viewed with caution. It is proposed, for example, that grants should be made only to those who can put the land to the best economic use. If this proviso is to be used to justify the expansion of European agriculture, it will have serious political repercussions. It has come to be accepted without challenge that large-scale European farming is the most efficient form of agriculture. But, under the conditions of today, a system of African smallholders, technically guided and financially strengthened through their own co-operatives, is likely to prove economically more efficient and socially more acceptable. Moreover the European farmer in East Africa and the Rhodesias has for years received generous aid in the form of loans and subsidies, which has been lacking for the African. In view of this, the fact that the Kenya Farmers Association last year had to write off over £100,000 of bad debts for its European members is poor testimony to their efficiency. The 1954 agricultural census showed that in the European-owned lands of the White Highlands, apart from waste land, nearly a million acres were undevleoped and over two million classified as unfenced grazing, supporting a negligible animal population – a continual provocation to the overcrowded Africans over the fence, who have to exist on as little as one-hundredth of an acre. The case for European superiority and expansion is far from proved and this is the main weakness of Mr Blundell's motion. The New Kenya Group has never made clear its attitude to European immigration. It is embarrassed, no doubt, by the fact that Mr Blundell, as Minister of Agriculture, was architect of the 1955 plan to step up assisted immigration of British farmers and farm managers. Mr Blundell's position will be suspect until this apparent contradiction is resolved.

Going on Holiday?

Do not rely on picking up a NEW STATESMAN *wherever you go. If you are holiday-making off the beaten track we will post your copy to you each Thursday night; simply send us your address and 1s. per copy. If you are staying at home, place an order with your newsagent.*

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

The Kerala Crisis

MR NEHRU'S visit to Trivandrum could not end the struggle in Kerala or remove its deep-rooted causes. On the Education Bill, which has been the occasion of the struggle, he has persuaded the government to offer a tactical compromise which the church has refused. He has also suggested a round table conference which the Socialists in particular have turned down. He disappointed the local Congress leadership by his outspoken disapproval of its tactics of mass agitation and by making it clear that he was not ready to attempt another period of direct rule from Delhi. (Kerala has already had two such experiences.) He knows, as every observer of Kerala knows, that Congress was turned out of office because it ruled badly and corruptly, and that the present government, though also accused of corrupt practices, is really being opposed because its policy is Socialist and anti-Catholic. If Nehru did not uphold the Kerala government's legal rights, similar tactics could be justified by Communists in every state where Congress fails to advance 'the Socialist pattern of society' to which it is formally pledged. The issue is whether constitutional government can survive in a state where most of the labouring class, largely 'Untouchables', supports the Communists against an opposition which is organised by a strong entrenched Catholic church, angry landlords and caste Hindus. Behind it is the stark fact that in India's most highly educated and developed state, there is mass unemployment which can only be removed by drastic economic changes, including the introduction of new industries, which the Communists cannot, and which former governments did not wish to, carry out.

The *NS* and Steel Advertising

IN preparation for the general election, the steel companies have promoted a national advertising campaign and placed large advertisements in many papers, including this journal. Several readers have written to complain that a Socialist paper has accepted this propaganda. A considerable question of principle arises. It is not a possible policy for newspapers to refuse advertisements because they disagree with the content. There is in fact a general convention that the press accepts advertisements from all sides. On the rare occasions when in the past the capitalist press has refused left-wing advertising, it has been regarded as a public scandal. The only possible

policy for a journal of this type is to print the advertisements of political opponents and to answer them periodically in its columns. We have repeatedly made the case for steel nationalisation in our columns; and in our issue of 21 February last we formally answered and repudiated some of the arguments made in the steel-masters' advertising. We are not in a position to stop the advertising campaign, which appears widely throughout the national press. We can only advise our readers not to allow their judgments to be affected by fallacious arguments. In the coming months before the election we shall no doubt find other opportunities for refuting them.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Durban

The Women's War

The flames which rose last month from Durban's Cato Manor district fed on more than this suppurating slum's few solid buildings – they fed on that deep resentment of white authority which daily life in South African towns seems designed to instil in Africans. It is significant that African women played the leading part in recent events, for the women are the ones who have to cope with the ugly reality of Cato Manor poverty. Some 95 per cent. of Durban's 190,000 Africans today exist below the bread-line, and the poorest third of this total are packed into the tin shacks and board-and-hessian hovels of Cato Manor. Family life under such circumstances, with the men liable to arrest at any time in 'pass' raids, is at best a grim rearguard fight. Those Africans lucky enough to rent one of the limited number of plots in the area put all they have into erecting a tin shack with one or two tiny rooms to sub-let. Drink is, of course, the great solace in places like Cato Manor, but officially everything except a slightly alcoholic 'kaffir-beer' is forbidden to Africans. So thousands of women have come to rely on an income from illegally brewed drink, and are adept at concealing their activities in their shacks.

Life of a sort went on like this in Cato Manor for years, but then came the Group Areas Act and the announcement that almost the whole area was to be reserved for whites. Most of its 40,000 Indians and all its 60,000 Africans are now to be driven out. No one seems to know where the 'surplus' Indians are to go, but much publicity has been given to the model African township of Kwa Mashu which the City Council, with government help, is building. As houses there became available earlier this year, the Council made a start with the demolition of Cato Manor's shacks, but at the same time there began a 'screening' process to determine which Africans were legally entitled to be in the Durban area at all. The requirements of legality are such that most African women only achieve it as the recognised wives of men who qualify, and in the unstable life of an African slum legal marriages are not exactly *de rigeur*. Two months ago, after many women had been separated from their families, the Durban City Council eased this requirement for continued residence, but widows, divorcees and unmarried mothers must, in almost every case, still leave the town. So, for almost every woman, the demolition of her family's shack meant the demolition of her life. If re-housed in the new and closely controlled Kwa Mashu township, she could not find the money to pay the greatly increased rent and travelling expenses. And if she was without a 'qualified' husband, she and her children faced being thrown out of Durban.

This prospect led the Cato Manor women to repeated but peaceful protest against the demolition of their shacks and against removal to Kwa Mashu, and earlier this year groups of them camped out as a gesture on the steps of the city hall and the administration buildings. This got some press publicity but achieved little else.

Then, three weeks ago, police raids for illicit drink and its 'unhygenic' brewing increased, ostensibly to avert the risk of a typhoid outbreak. It seems that African men thereupon spent more time and money at the halls in which the city council sells the permitted 'kaffir-beer' and that, a fortnight ago, a group of women spontaneously got together and literally pulled their men out of one of the halls. The idea spread, the police intervened and, inevitably, baton-charged a large crowd of women who, already angry at not having obtained the redress of their grievances, then stoned the police. The police then opened fire.

The first targets in the ensuing riots were the obvious centres of authority such as the municipal administration, which was destroyed with all the records it contained. But, once started, the arson soon spread to white-organised institutions, such as nursery schools and child welfare centres, which serve the Africans. Everything connected with authority was attacked, but it is remarkable that, until gangs of young criminals intervened, there was none of the burning or looting of Indian-owned shops which characterised this city's bloody race riots ten years ago. In fact Indian-operated buses continued to run in Cato Manor when every municipal bus was stoned and attacked. The credit for this great improvement in Indian-African relations must go to their two Congress groups, though neither of them had any connection with the riots other than trying to restore calm afterwards.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Paris

Bomb Surprise

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Preoccupied by the meanderings of General de Gaulle who, after visiting most of the French provinces went off to Italy last week to deliver yet more sibylline speeches, and with another 'torture scandal' on its hands, the French press has been able to devote little space to the great debate on the H-bomb raging in Britain. Most papers have confined themselves to printing agency dispatches, and noting that the Labour Party has rejected the demand for unilateral renunciation of the bomb. The only exception was *Le Monde* which, last Thursday, devoted a long leader, written in venomous terms, to the new policy of the Labour Party. It stated flatly: 'The Non-Nuclear Club will never come into existence and no-one will join it'.

Le Monde's reputation in France is akin to that of *The Times* in Britain, with the one qualification that M. Hubert Beuve-Mery's well-known Christian conscience often leads it to take up an unorthodox position on internal matters – particularly those touching on civil liberty and freedom of speech. At the same time, its close relations with the Quai d'Orsay are notorious, and on foreign affairs it usually voices the opinions of M. Couve de Murville and his colleagues. In consequence, the leader on the Non-Nuclear Club is regarded here as the first indication that the government will reject the idea. The unusual violence of its language – the Labour leaders are described as demagogues – has, however, aroused a certain disquiet among the paper's readers. Although the leader states that 'no-one will ever wish to adopt the position to be taken up by a future Gaitskell-Bevan government', in point of fact there are a good many people here who are extremely disturbed by the evident intention of the government to press ahead with the nuclear arms programme.

Indeed, most of the opposition leaders have for long campaigned against French manufacture of the bomb. Friends of M. Mendes-France affirm that he has welcomed the Labour Party's decision in that it tends to take away from the government its most popular argument for joining the club – 'in order to take our place in Nato on the same footing as Britain and participate in its highest council's, France must have the bomb'.

Nor is it true that the French General Staff insist that they must have nuclear weapons at all costs. As it is, the army leaders are finding great difficulty in getting increased credits for the Algerian war, and they are primarily, if not entirely, preoccupied by their requirements in conventional weapons for use on the other side of the Mediterranean. Of course, they would welcome any US decision to give France the bomb, and they might even threaten to use it to bring the FLN to heel. But in any argument over the division of credits between nuclear and conventional weapons, they tend to favour the latter.

Some opposition leaders, in fact, believe that this issue presents them with a good opportunity to embarrass the Gaullist regime – particularly if the campaign can be conducted in conjunction with the Labour Party. So far, French opinion has had no opportunity to pronounce on the subject. The chance may now be coming. When it does, the certitudes of *Le Monde* may seem premature.

Westminster

Waiting for Frank

Mr Hugh Gaitskell, I read, 'went home a happy man' when the revised statement on Labour's nuclear arms policy was finally approved by the National Executive and by the TUC; but I should imagine that his happiness was somewhat clouded by his mind's eye picture of Mr Frank Cousins marching to Trafalgar Square in the Aldermaston procession.

During discussions of the revised statement, Cousins, with the whole-hearted and not merely dutiful backing of his deputy, Mr Harry Nicholas, had not confined himself to arguing strenuously against certain parts of it. He had voted against the whole of it. His opposition then was unsuccessful; but next week he has a chance to renew his opposition. His union, the Transport and General, is holding its conference in the Isle of Man and resolutions on nuclear arms form a substantial part of the agenda. Gaitskell must therefore be asking himself: 'What will Frank do?' Cousins will doubtless be asking himself the same question. He is in a difficult position. Though the

trend towards democracy which he has fostered in his union no longer allows the general secretary to Deakinise the conference, Cousins might still sway the verdict if he himself argued a definite line strongly; and, as he is by deep conviction so obviously a 'unilateralist', his desire to do so must be exceptionally strong.

Yet, as a practical politician as well as a trade union leader, he has to weigh the fact that almost certainly this is an election year and that Labour might lose the election if the block votes of the Transport and General, the General and Municipal and a few other unions swung the autumn conference at Scarborough to a policy which would force Gaitskell and Bevan to resign. However passionately he feels that Britain should ban the bomb whatever other countries may do, he must hesitate to risk being labelled as the man who lost Labour the general election.

It seems a likely bet therefore that next week he will seek powers from his conference to press for amendments to the National Executive statement, which would bring it nearer to his position without actually challenging the leadership with an issue of confidence; and published reports of the recent discussions give some indication of what those amendments may be. Cousins and Nicholas then objected to the vagueness of phrase used on Labour's attitude to tests. It was not enough that 'Labour would maintain the truce'. Cousins wanted the document to say that Labour would 'stop' the tests for good. 'Some people don't seem to think much of my members', he is reported to have said, 'but at least they do speak basic English'. Probably Cousins will ask for powers to press this amendment at Scarborough.

He also argued for a declaration that a Labour government would in no circumstances use atomic weapons unless an enemy had used them first. Again he was defeated. He was defeated, too, when he backed the proposal that, as a means of making the non-nuclear club idea a more definite step towards banning the bomb, a Labour government, unilaterally, should offer a two-year moratorium on tests and the production of weapons and should accept, unilaterally, United Nations inspection to convince the world that she was making good her offer. All these could well form amendments which, eventually, he could put to the Labour Party conference at Scarborough.

If he should decide on this line, he would undoubtedly win support from a large part of the constituency section of the conference and, maybe, from other powerful trade unions. But a new factor has emerged. After the shock vote of the Municipal and General conference in favour of unilateral banning of the bomb, that union's men of power have been at work. They have been telling each other, and telling other kindred spirits, that the conference vote was just one of President Jack Cooper's little essays in democracy which happened to come unstuck; that half the delegates were sunbathing on the beaches at the time; and that, since anyway Labour's revised statement of policy has created a new situation, the old and unrepresentative vote can be disregarded. Hence they are calling an extraordinary one-day conference of the union to discuss the statement and to think, or at least, to vote again.

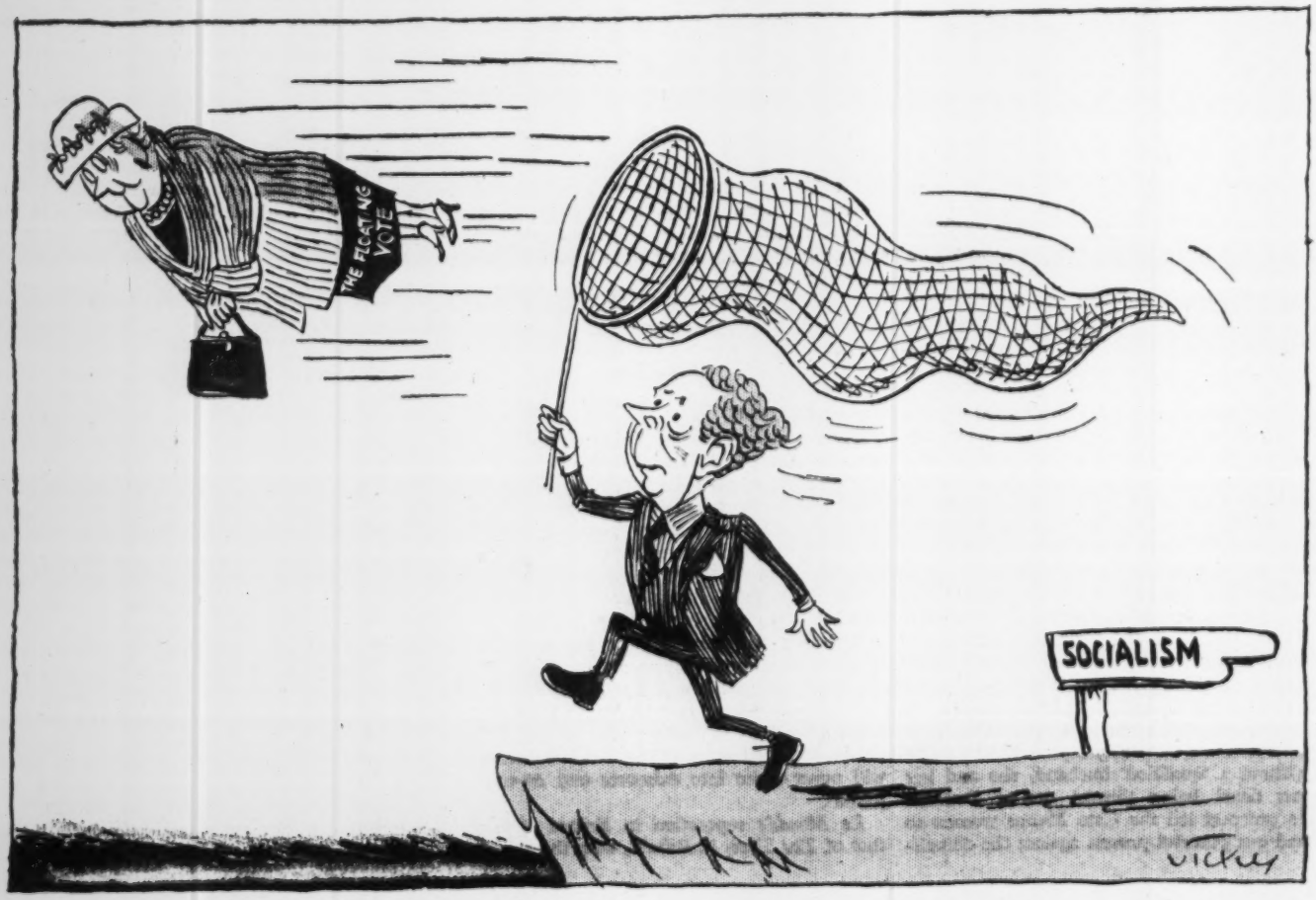
The possibility that he may lose support he expected to receive is unlikely to deter Cousins from doing what he believes to be his duty. But it seems certain that he will lean as far back as his principles will allow him to avoid a head-on clash with the leadership in the autumn. It will be interesting to see whether the leadership is prepared to meet him in the same mood.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Ghosts at the Wedding

The Odham's purchase of Newnes – not a take-over but an amalgamation, those most concerned are careful to explain – is now, I gather, all complete except for the formalities. More than 90 per cent of the Newnes shareholders have already accepted the Odhams share offer; the nuptials can therefore proceed in a general atmosphere of satisfaction and good will shadowed only by the menacing fact that, unless the printing dispute is settled soon, the honeymoon will be passed in a newsprint desert with none of the numerous progeny of either side to be seen on any bookstall in the land. It thus looks like being an odd wedding reception indeed for a dynastic marriage designed to bring together two such rich kingdoms. The revenue lost weekly during the stoppage by the four main women's papers in the merger alone, with their total of 26 million readers and a combined average of 120 pages of advertisements, is enough in itself to break any newspaper magnate's heart, especially if he is also an accountant by profession and in the habit of doing sums. One can't help thinking that, as the golden river dries, a good deal of gritting of the teeth is going to be called for, not only at Odhams but also in Cecil King's new empire of the Amalgamated Press, to ensure that solidarity with the poorer brethren in the provinces remains the watchword of the day. One of the problems of these lush magazines is that they carry so many pages of advertising in each normal issue that it is difficult to see how what is lost can ever be restored. It would be difficult to cram more



advertisements in to make up for the period of close down. There is also, of course, the possibility that some of the 26 million readers might get out of the habit of reading two or three women's papers a week if denied their regular dose for too long. In view of the proven persistence of the demand, however, this is not an anxiety that presses very heavily so far: it may begin to do so if the stoppage goes on very much longer.

When the presses do start running again, the completion of the Odhams-Newnes merger will present us with the biggest magazine empire since Northcliffe's day. As they survey it, one hopes that Mr A. C. Duncan, the chairman, and his colleagues will feel competent to soliloquise as Northcliffe is reported to have done towards the end of his life, when the publications he controlled had a total net weekly sale of over 20 million: 'I can't think they do any harm in the world.' (Incidentally it is a little ironic, that the man who founded his fortune on the belief that no-one wanted to read more than 500 words on anything should be considered to require an official memorial more than 930 pages long and weighing well over 3½ lb).

* * *

Bearing this epitaph of Northcliffe's in mind, it has been interesting to follow the treatment of his biography in the press. One thing the biography explodes is the myth of Northcliffe's power. He was a good maker of readable newspapers but that he was ever able to exercise real political power by reason of that fact is shown to be untrue – as indeed anyone who had studied his career already knows, despite his own illusions on the subject. It is a myth, however, that only a few newspapers have found it possible to give up in their treatment of his life: no doubt because it nourishes their own. Yet one thing that should surely be clear by now is that the control of great newspaper circulations, although pleasant and profitable, brings with it no power in any genuine sense. Mr Duncan's millions of readers will not make him a man of public authority – as he almost certainly has the good sense to realise. Those newspaper proprietors who have believed that power and circulation ran hand in hand, Northcliffe himself, his brother Rothermere, and Lord Beaverbrook especially, have been proved devastatingly wrong every time they have put it to the test. Since we are now almost certainly in for a period of greater concentrations of press ownership – the present stoppage will pretty certainly stimulate the existing tendency still further – this is a comforting thought.

There are a lot of things to say against greater concentrations of newspaper and magazine ownership, but the fear which was at one time so common that they will put too much power into too few hands is almost certainly not among them. However it may be elsewhere, in Fleet Street God has rarely proved, in this sense, to be on the side of the big battalions.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Second Thoughts on the Bomb

THE Labour Party's pronouncement on Nuclear Arms has been denounced as 'hypocrisy' and brushed aside as a 'non-starter'. In a matter of such extreme difficulty and urgency, it is more appropriate to consider whether the proposals contain anything useful. They are, of course, a compromise, explained by pressure and conflicts of mind. But on more than one point they show a great advance in Labour thinking. Instead of pretending that Britain is still one of the greatest powers and evading our difficulties by making our actions depend on agreement between America and Russia, they envisage a Britain which accepts its actual lesser-power status and aspires to leadership of a non-nuclear group of states. There is no sting in the retort that we owe our place at the Geneva armament discussions to our possession of the bomb: France is represented, though she is not yet a nuclear power. And we shall know before any Labour government comes into office whether anything can emerge from the present protracted negotiations: it is at all events doubtful whether the British can much affect these negotiations. In any case, we may be grateful that Labour has given up the pretence that the possession of perhaps half a dozen H-bombs enables us to bargain with or to threaten America or the Soviet Union.

Secondly, the Labour Party has faced the fact that there are 12 countries with the economic and technical ability to make nuclear weapons and a further eight which could achieve a nuclear weapons programme within the next five years. The appalling danger that these countries will want to emulate Britain in becoming nuclear armed powers is obvious. The 'great deterrent' may work between Russia and America – temporarily at least, until, unchecked, it leads like other armament races to deliberate or, more probably, accidental war. The stalemate might even last for a decade. But if, for instance, France, China, East and West Germany, and Japan Australia, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia and Hungary, Argentina and Brazil – to mention only a few on the list – all have nuclear weapons, no-one will believe in the conceivable success of a disarmament conference, or that any considerable period will pass before a national leader somewhere seeks to make himself great by imposing a nuclear end to some ancient national feud. And once it starts, who can limit nuclear war?

The attempt to forestall this – perhaps the greatest danger of world nuclear war – provides Labour with an objective which is within the scope of Britain's power and which the public can believe a Labour government might honestly attempt. It has the immense advantage of switching the minds of the public from the single obsession with a hypothetical Soviet aggression to the actual problem of making something worth while out of those large parts of the world which are not yet committed to the Cold War. It does this far too tentatively and with crippling reservations. It is, for instance, dubious whether, if Britain is at the head of a non-nuclear club, it will long be able or wish to remain inside Nato. It repudiates, lest the electorate should dub it pacifist, any suggestion of 'unilateralism'. Here there is an obvious 'fudge', since its pledge indefinitely to abandon tests implies giving up reliance on nuclear weapons, which rapidly get out of date. And the document does not go into the question how far, if at all, a Labour government could persuade de Gaulle's France or Adenauer's Germany to forego nuclear weapons. Its leaders therefore lay themselves open to the charge of making proposals which they know will be rejected and so merely pretending that they intend to follow a trail not already trodden flat by Conservative governments.

You cannot in fact create a non-nuclear club unless you leave the suicide club. Labour ought never again to negotiate in the spirit of those protracted miseries which were called disarmament conferences in the early Thirties. If, like a British admiral of that period who said that 'battleships were more precious than rubies', we regard our H-bombs as assets which we are reluctant to sacrifice, then other nations will talk the same kind of nonsense. There is a more hopeful approach. Most of the countries now planning to embark on atomic programmes are thinking primarily of catching up in the technological race. If they want atomic arms it is primarily for reasons of prestige. The British should first tell the world that nuclear weapons are an intolerable burden as well as a ghastly danger. No countries except America and Russia can afford them. Because we want to be a 'great power' we are already losing the technical lead which our scientists gave us. About 70 per cent of Britain's trained scientific manpower is now absorbed in making nuclear weapons. We have had, for instance, to postpone, already for more than a year, Britain's 'breeder' reactor at Dounrey because the personnel was transferred to Windscale to make plutonium. If we cease to make nuclear weapons we can export atomic technology for peaceful purposes all over the world. We have the capacity, if we leave the weapons to America and Russia, to provide ourselves and much of the world with atomic energy to put an end to poverty.

Whether the Labour Party's new policy is in fact a step forward or backwards depends partly on the real intentions of the party leaders, but more on the amount of pressure maintained by the rank and file. We have succeeded in at least partly diverting the minds of our leaders from the negative and arid thinking of the Cold War. They no longer talk as if nothing could be done except what is done by America and Russia. They may yet go on to the next stage of understanding what they might achieve if they leave the cold war to America and Russia. They have been brought along to a further step in the matter of tests. Nye Bevan spoke for everyone – even for Tories who won't admit it – when he said that it would be a crime against humanity for us to resume the tests which have been suspended, whatever any other power did. For nuclear disarmers the right course is to work for the formation of a non-nuclear club even if France and Germany and China do not come into it. It is highly likely that the US and the USSR will themselves support the idea. Washington is manifestly frightened at the prospect of de Gaulle making atomic weapons for his own purposes; it may even become rationally frightened at the prospect of once again rearming western Germany with the latest weapons. Russia, it will be noticed, has not yet given nuclear weapons to any of its allies or satellites. Everyone all over the world is terrified not only of world war, but also of nuclear fall-out. It is impossible to calculate, or even imagine, what the effects on public opinion and governments everywhere can be if Britain announces her withdrawal from this world lunacy, and develops her advanced technique for peaceful purposes, opens her own factories for inspection and starts to trade her atomic technique to every country which is prepared to follow her example. Given pressure and encouragement, this may develop into a constructive policy, which Labour leaders have not yet thought out or, so far, had the temerity boldly to state. Given unrelenting pressure from those who can so far overcome tradition as to understand the implication of this policy, these timid adumbrations of a non-nuclear club may become a serious and feasible programme for saving the world from destruction.

Democracy in Ghana

GHANA gets more kicks than ha'pence in the British press. This is not surprising with Conservative newspapers – they, after all, have an obvious reason to wish for Ghana's failure as a democracy – but why should it be so in the liberal-minded press? Why should it be so in America, where even the Republicans like to shed tears for the subject peoples of other empires? 'Under the threat of civil war', comments this month's *Look*, 'strong leaders like Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah have reduced the power of the chiefs and concentrated it in a central government. In the process, the Opposition, whose sympathies often lie with the chiefs, has been stifled'. This rush to criticise a new and inexperienced executive and parliamentary system is hard to explain in terms that reflect credit on liberal-minded critics.

Plenty of things are said and done in Ghana that deserve criticism; and ought to get it. A government which accepts a trade union law such as Ghana is now burdened with is bound to discredit itself with democratic critics everywhere. Even if those individuals who lately suggested that the whole press in Ghana ought to be placed under government control were of no political importance, critics abroad cannot be expected to know this; and the government, they note, has yet to denounce this particular piece of foolishness. Expulsion of foreign journalists is always deplorable. A Preventive Detention Act may be necessary – the Sharp Commission's report throws light on that – but why use it so widely? Why not institute public inquiries into persons held under this law more promptly and more often?

Such blemishes, it will be said, are the result of inexperience and a lack of self-confidence, both of which time will remedy. Well-informed criticism can meanwhile lend a helping hand. But a 'trend towards dictatorship'? A 'stifling' of parliamentary opposition? This is a different kind of criticism, for it supposes that the fruit of independence is not only blemished, but rotten at the core. And where is the solid evidence for this?

On 19 December last two Opposition MPs were arrested in Ghana on the grounds that they were involved in a conspiracy to murder Dr Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, at Accra airport the next day. They were detained indefinitely under the new Preventive Detention Act. A month after their arrest a Ghanaian army officer was court-martialled and dismissed the service for neglect of duty in failing to report what he knew of this affair. And a day after that the government appointed a judicial tribunal to investigate these circumstances.

It must be said straight away that the Ghana government, having got around to appointing this tribunal, comes extremely well out of the whole incident. The Commission was of high standing. It consisted of three experienced lawyers under the chairmanship of Mr Justice Granville Sharp, a former Recorder of King's Lynn. It followed the procedure of the Lynskey Tribunal, but somewhat improved on this to the advantage of witnesses, who were shown all statements made about them by the police or other witnesses. Evidence was taken in six languages. The government says the whole inquiry will cost them about £G10,000, which is a great deal of money for West Africa.

The main finding of the Commission was unanimously to the effect that the two MPs, Amponsah and Apaloo, were in fact 'engaged in a conspiracy to carry out at some future date in Ghana an act for an unlawful purpose revolutionary in character'; and this disposes of the view – current at the time among critics of the government – that the whole affair was a trick to enable the government to bring in politically repressive legislation. Mr Justice Sharp differs from his fellow-Commissioners in thinking that the two MPs had dropped their plans, whatever these were, when they discovered that the police were on their trail; but this does not affect the material point – that a revolutionary plot existed among MPs belonging to the opposition.

Three questions arise. Why not publicly try the plotters instead of incarcerating them indefinitely under an Act which prevents them appearing in their own defence? How wide was – or still is – this plot? And what does the Ghana government propose to do now?

A White Paper issued in Accra last week meets all three of those questions. On the first, it explains that Ghana law is in this respect the same as British law. 'The Common law tradition which Ghana has inherited requires that it is necessary to state in a criminal case the precise nature of the offence and to relate this offence to a particular section of the Ghana Criminal Code'. To 'commit an act for an unlawful purpose revolutionary in character' is not, accordingly, an offence in Ghana. The government was therefore faced with the alternative of detaining the men preventively – or of sending them to trial before (in the nature of things) it could collect the evidence for a specifically unlawful act, and thus of seeing them acquitted and released. It chose the first. The government, says the White Paper, 'dare not risk the very existence of Ghana by allowing to go unchecked plots and conspiracies which might result in the destruction of the state itself'. This is an act of repression similar to the 18b regulation in wartime Britain; and it has, clearly, nothing to do with stifling parliamentary opposition.

How wide was – or still is – this plot to the new regime in Ghana? Here the White Paper is vague but minatory. 'The government believes that leading members of the Opposition, even though they may not actively have plotted revolution, knew that such plots were being prepared, and did not attempt in any way to discourage the plotters'. Further, the government thinks these plotters and their accomplices have active friends abroad. It 'has good reason to believe that persons who can show they are plotting in Ghana have access to comparatively large sums of money from foreign sources'; and that 'certain substantial payments for revolutionary purposes' have in fact reached Ghana 'from abroad'.

Believing these things, the government proposes to strengthen the laws on treason, sedition, and the making of false statements, and ends its White Paper by making it clear that 'it intends to treat with the utmost severity any attempt to overthrow the government by force or assassination or to prevent the choice of a government by free and impartial elections'.

In this alarming situation the need for *informed* criticism is likely to be greater than ever. One may suspect that the government in Accra is exaggerating the danger of a revolution, and that its position is really far too strong for any such thing to come within a mile of succeeding (though assassination is another matter). One may suspect that large funds from abroad are as imaginary as the large funds which French critics alleged that Ghana had contributed to anti-colonial activity in the Niger Territory last year. One may dislike (and denounce) many things that are said and done by the government and its supporters. But henceforth, after the Sharp Commission, it will be more than unwise to jump to conclusions about the 'stifling' of parliamentary opposition in Ghana: it will be downright silly and irresponsible.

BASIL DAVIDSON

West Coast Diary

THE first man I met at Los Angeles airport was Gerald Heard, now frail and 70 but, he told me, in good health. He talked nostalgically for a while about the NEW STATESMAN of roughly 15 years ago, and went off with some people he had come to meet. He lectures in various parts of California on moral philosophy. I wondered, after I'd left him, why one's allegiances to such men, whom one reads excitedly in life-long succession, never result in a rock-bottom *credo*. His lectures are always crowded here.

* * *

Certainly Los Angeles and San Francisco supply vast urbanised populations, of a pretty high order of literacy and prosperity upon which you can draw for any kind of audience. It is therefore an Eldorado for thousands of fashionable psychiatrists who are known to non-patients as 'head-shrinkers'; while the more mundane medicos who go on dealing with illness by the pills and ointment enjoy the utmost freedom in advertising what they have to offer. One of these has taken a quarter-page in the paper today to offer you his 'thorough, scientific, physical examination and trial treatment at an amazingly low cost of 12 dollars and 50 cents. . . . You will agree', he adds, 'that it is the best physical examination you ever had, regardless of what you paid'; and then he proceeds to a frightening list of the things he will examine you for: 'Don't put it off, come in today'. I find this easy to resist. But I wonder how the ritzy people of San Francisco react to the man who exhorted them on TV at 8 o'clock last Sunday morning, to sell all they have and give to the poor. Speaking against the second Rachmaninov piano concerto and a bas-relief of the infant Samuel at prayer, he said in the voice of a Cecil de Mille Moses: 'You can have money, or you can have God; you cannot have both.' In England we do at least wrap this up a bit by calling it Mammon. But the next morning the people were still streaking about in 20-foot Cadillacs as if nothing had happened. 'Lay not up treasure on earth', the voice had said. They weren't.

* * *

There is a lot of litter in these fine cities – Denver is an outstanding exception. In Los Angeles the paper blows about the streets, and a good deal of it comes from the dustbins waiting to be emptied, which seem to wait a long time. These I was surprised to see, for I had read that there is no refuse collection in Los Angeles and that the famous smog (which, if it was what I saw, is not much to write home about) is partly caused by the residents burning their refuse. In San Francisco, sitting in a car at a traffic stop, I watched a man come out of a tobacconist's with a packet of five cigars. He took them out of the carton and threw it down on the roadway. Having put four cigars in his pocket, he tore the cellophane wrapping off the fifth and threw that down, did the same with the coloured band, found that his match-book was empty and dropped it and finally spat before going back into the shop for some more matches. The elegant people strolling by took no notice of all this and would, I suppose, do the same.

I got to Los Angeles from London in 13 hours, so I wonder why the few English newspapers on sale here are always at least a week old? I read in one of them that a magistrate has been persuaded that an abandoned motor car is 'litter'; and, if I correctly remember the definition in the recent Litter Act, he could have been right. But here, despite the immense parking lots, the drive-in cinemas, the 'Driveterias' where the cars queue up to take their picnic food from a kind of box office window (having ordered it by microphone as they waited in the line) – despite all this, the streets are lined with parked cars. In the neighbourhood of the University of Southern California, 7,000 students' cars (any of which I should be proud to own) cram the streets all day – and the freshmen are not even allowed a car for the first year. The drunk-driving problem is fearsome indeed here, where there are more drunks and more drivers to the acre, I suppose, than anywhere in the world. And it brings famous names constantly into the papers. John Drew Barrymore has just pleaded guilty to such a charge, and Franklin D. Roosevelt's son has just been acquitted. People are writing to the papers demanding the death penalty for drunk driving.

* * *

At the rejuvenated Opera House of Central City, Denver (the gold miners built it in 1898 for their own amateur performances, but it now puts on first-class opera for tourists) the State Patrol men have found a novel way of dealing with this problem. As the patrons come out of the Opera House at night and get into their cars, the patrolmen approach them. 'Do you feel fit to drive home, sir?', they ask. 'If not, we can supply a driver.' Some people accept the offer which, after all, is rather like being asked by a policeman whether you were thinking of committing a murder and would care to talk things over. The car is then driven home by a university student; there is always a panel of them in readiness – and they seem able to drive any make of car from the time they are 16. Sometimes they get a tip, sometimes not. Sometimes, no doubt, they save a life. The scheme flourishes because the mountain road home from Central City is a very hazardous one, curving sharply along by the Boulder Creek. A good many bodies have been recovered from this creek.

* * *

The zeal of the Un-American Activities Committee, which I had believed to have died down lately, seems on the contrary to go on unabated; and no doubt it will get worse as a presidential election approaches. There are many men here who, having been called to give evidence before the Committee, are ruined – whether they then declared that they once were Communists, or that they were never Communists – or whether they invoked the Fifth Amendment and refused to say anything either way. They simply cannot get employment – or, if they had their own businesses, they find themselves ostracised by their former clients and customers. If they are lucky enough to get away, many of them go to Australia: I am astonished at the number of men talking earnestly about the advantages of living in Australia 'under a democratic regime'. In San Francisco my taxi driver said: 'This is a dying country, sir. It's ruined. Yes, sir, and when I've made a little more I'm going to Australia', It doesn't seem to me like a dying country, though.

* * *

Two years ago Chief Justice Warren, in the Watkins Case, seemed to have introduced a streak of sanity when he vigorously challenged the right of the Un-American Activities Committee to pillory men for their past beliefs. On 7 June, the US Supreme Court, in two five-to-four decisions, put Warren in his place, upholding two convictions for contempt of Congress in cases where men had refused to say whether they had been Communists. It 'upheld the authority of the government to protect itself against the threat of Communist subversion, even at the price of some abridgement of constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and association.' It is not difficult to find men whose lives have been darkened by this committee's work – they must already run into hundreds of thousands. It is, however, difficult to find a Chicago resident who ever saw gang-fights or even heard firing in the worst days of the 1920 hoodlums. Chicago must have given itself the kind of world prominence that we have been working up over the Notting Hill disturbances. There is little that is news-worthy in a well-run city.

* * *

In the State House at the well-run city of Sacramento, after listening to the senators at work, I was introduced to Governor Brown. 'Have a good time', he said; 'you'll enjoy California'. With every faculty of appreciation and criticism working at full stretch, I am enjoying every moment of California and its neighbours. Flying from San Francisco to Denver, passing very low down over the vast salt deserts of Utah and the Rocky Mountains, I didn't find it difficult to comprehend the half-fanatical patriotism of Americans, even the phrase 'God's own country' seeming excusable. It seems that how much you love your country can't be judged from what you do with it, the architecture of what you build on it, or the way you spend your time in it. I shall not be able to see Las Vegas or Reno, where, I'm told, the only way to be sure of beating the tables is to turn round when you arrive at the airport and walk straight into the propeller. There is a current tale of a young couple who took their small boy to Remo and lost everything. The man sadly picked up the boy and placed him on Number 3. The wheel stopped at Number 9. 'Honey', said the man, 'we must get along home and make some more chips.'

C. H. ROLPH

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In Schefferville, Labrador, the queen, visiting the home of an iron-ore miner, asked his wife how she managed to keep her floors free from the red dust which swirls there in clouds.

'It's very difficult', said the housewife, and the queen replied: 'I find it difficult keeping my floors clean, too.' – *News Chronicle*. (M. Redfern.)

On Wednesday night a petition from about 20 residents in the road was presented to Leamington Town Council. It registered a strong protest at the council's action in making a mortgage advance to a coloured person.

A woman who said her husband had signed commented: 'We are upset because the petition was not kept private. We only meant it to be discussed in the Housing Committee.

'It would be terrible if the new residents were made to feel that they are not wanted.' – *Leamington Spa Courier*. (D. A. Saunders.)

While in the company of a certain man I have felt a strange contraction or pulling in my solar plexus. I found out that he was a Greek Cypriot, and I have wanted since very much to link up with others of the Greek nation. Several times I have dreamt of this stranger at night. Can you explain all this? – Letter in *Prediction*. (David Godin.)

A new telegram form for wedding congratulations has bottles of champagne and glasses of bubbly round the border.

But, says Mr Cecil Heath, secretary of the Society for the Abolition of the Liquor Traffic 'This will offend ten million teetotallers.'

He adds: 'The telegram is in very bad taste. We shall have the matter raised in Parliament. – *Daily Mirror*. (Ruth Mark.)

Every afternoon I take my little boy of three to the park, and I like to get talking to people. There is a nice Frenchman I often chat to, and now my son is calling him Papa.

I am terrified this will happen one weekend when my husband is with us. How can I stop it? – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Anthony Cowley.)

At the magistrates' court on Wednesday, Mr J. Gore-Carruthers was fined £4 for failing to stop at a halt sign.

Police-constable I. Sawyer said that, when cautioned, Mr Gore-Carruthers replied: 'You will regret this. I am a second cousin of the Chief Constable.' – *Daily Herald*. (E. G. Etherti.)

From Stalin to Adam Smith

(This is the first of two articles by Isaac Deutscher on planning in the Communist bloc.)

THE Soviet news agency Tass announced recently that in May the so-called Council of Economic Mutual Assistance (CEMA) held its 11th session in Tirana, Albania, and took a number of decisions concerning 'co-ordination and specialisation' of economic activity in the countries of the Soviet bloc. The announcement was both dry-as-dust and full of propagandist overtones; and so it could not arouse much interest in the non-Communist world, and probably it did not cause any great stir in the Communist countries either. Yet the activities of the above-mentioned Council are undoubtedly of great consequence, and the Council itself is, potentially, perhaps the most important international institution functioning within the Soviet bloc.

The Council consists of representatives of the governments of the USSR and of all the Communist-ruled countries of eastern Europe. Delegates of China, North Korea, North Vietnam, and Outer Mongolia also attend the meetings, not as full members but as observers. The Council was formed in January 1949; and its title reflects its origin, which was fairly grotesque, rather than its present functions. In a sense, the American Secretary of State, General Marshall, was the Council's unwitting begetter: the Council was Stalin's reply to Marshall Aid. Having at the time forbidden the Poles and the Czechs to get Marshall Aid, which they were only too eager to obtain, Stalin had to make a gesture to compensate them, at least symbolically. He invited his European satellites, with the exception of the East Germans and Albanians, to constitute the Council, as the counterpart of the western European international organisations set up under General Marshall's auspices. Heralded by propagandist flourishes, the Council held its first three sessions within a few months; but then in 1950, it was put into the deep freeze and forgotten for many years.

Stalin had, of course, no use for any Council of Economic Mutual Assistance: he held no council with anyone, least of all with his satellites; and in 1949–1950, when the USSR still laboured under

the after-effects of war, he was in no position to give assistance to anyone, even if he had wished to. To speed up Soviet recovery, he squeezed his satellites as much as he could; and for this he had no need of any 'mutual aid' institution. As during the two decades of the USSR's pre-war isolation, Russian self-sufficiency and sacred egoism were still Stalin's guiding principles. The isolation was now a matter of the past; but Stalin, dominating the new and vast Soviet bloc, behaved like a driver who had changed over from a horse-drawn cab to a motor car and remained convinced that the car would run better and faster if he went on cracking his old whip.

Only a full year after Stalin's death was the by-now-forgotten Council brought back to life and assembled for a session in Moscow in March 1954. Stalin's successors, aware of the burden of liabilities he had left them in eastern Europe, were about to disband the various Soviet-Hungarian, Soviet-Rumanian, Soviet-German Mixed Companies, and to renounce other economic privileges Stalin had secured; and they were anxious to associate the eastern European Communists with the clearing of the Stalinist legacy.

It began to dawn on Moscow's new leaders that the policy of Russian self-sufficiency and sacred egoism not merely aroused intense resentment in eastern Europe, but produced tremendous wastage and economic chaos – this was indeed the most inefficient of all conceivable Soviet economic policies. Stalin had killed off all too many geese for whose eggs the Soviet Union might have had some use. Worse still, his economic policies had been zealously copied by every one of the satellites: each eastern European government aimed at achieving national self-sufficiency, until eastern Europe could boast of 'building' simultaneously seven or eight 'Socialisms in a single country'. Poland, Hungary, Rumania, etc., tried each to build up within its own boundaries the basic branches of heavy industry (including heavy engineering), and to duplicate, each on its own scale, the Soviet economic structure. The result was a severe over-all crisis of over-investment in heavy industry, and under-investment in primary production, light industry, and farming.

It was to deal with that crisis that the Council of Economic Mutual Assistance was convened in March 1954 – the crisis was to remain on the Council's agenda for the next three or four years. (Not until several years after Stalin's death were the Communist governments of Asia invited to join the Council as observers: China in 1956, North Korea in 1957, and North Vietnam and Mongolia only last year.)

Already in 1954 some Soviet officials and economists favoured the idea that the Council should be used as a sort of a clearing office for the economic planners of all Communist countries and that it should, in due time, be transformed into an International Planning Authority for all the countries of the Soviet bloc. During the post-Stalinist ferment of ideas new notions were making their appearance, or, rather, were re-emerging from the limbo of condemned heresies. A few economists began to speak, very cautiously at first, of the advantages of 'international division of labour' – the idea, though stemming from good old Adam Smith, had had a 'Trotskyist' flavour about it and had been anathema in Stalinist Russia.

Nobody knew, however, how to translate the abstract notion into practical terms. Several schemes for the economic overhaul of eastern Europe were canvassed. One of these, vaguely associated with the 'Malenkov line', advised the eastern European governments to give up their ambition to develop heavy industry and to concentrate instead on light industry and farming, to export consumer goods to the USSR and to rely mainly on the USSR for their imports of producer goods. Another scheme, which came to be regarded as the 'Krushchev line', sought to maintain some priority for heavy industry in eastern Europe as well as in the USSR, but to cope with the crisis of over-investment by means of a curtailment of quite a few of the heavy industrial projects. This latter scheme underlay many hasty shifts, carried out in the years 1954–1956, and was at the basis of the various east European Five Year Plans for the years 1956–1960.

However, the immediate effect of the remedies was to aggravate the illness. It was not enough to stop some of the biggest heavy industrial projects in order to do away or even to mitigate the scarcity of food, fuel, and consumer goods in eastern Europe; the stoppage, freezing enormous resources, only intensified the economic chaos.

In May 1956 the Council for Economic Mutual Assistance met in East Berlin for a session of crucial importance. It reached the conclusion that the Five Year Plans adopted in 1954–55 were unworkable. All these Plans (covering the period 1956–1960) were scrapped, as was also their model, the Soviet Plan; and the Council recommended the broad principles of a new economic policy. Henceforth – this was the gist of its recommendations – the eastern European governments should avoid investing in parallel lines of business and building extremely costly engineering plant in small countries, and they should seek to complement and integrate their development schemes. The Soviet members of the Council came forward with a specific project for 'industrial specialisation and co-ordination'. The project provided for the distribution, or re-distribution, of the production centres of not fewer than 600 groups of engineering manufactures all over eastern Europe.

The Russians thus took the first long step towards international planning, a quite unprecedented step. At the same crucial session they also urged the Council to expand greatly its machinery and to set up permanent 'branch commissions', whose job it should be to co-ordinate in a similar manner the work of the various national industries within the respective branches.

This daring initiative, however, had, at first, few if any practical consequences. The eastern Europeans voted for the Soviet recommendations but went home and ignored them. True, they had more urgent business to cope with at the moment – the goods famines and the growing unrest in their own countries. Barely a month after the Council's session the workers of Poznan rose in June 1956; in October the Poles moved to the brink of armed insurrection and the Hungarians went beyond it. Throughout eastern Europe the distrust of all things Russian was at its fiercest. Paradoxically the nationalists and anti-Communists and the most hide-bound of Stalinists found themselves as if united in opposition to Moscow's new economic policy. To the Stalinist all that was coming from Moscow since the 20th Congress, the curtailment of heavy industry, the liberalisation, and the new talk about 'international division of labour' reeked of heresy and treason. To the anti-Communist, and the anti-Russian at large, Moscow's new talk of 'international division of labour' was utterly suspect: was this not a new Muscovite design to despoil the subject nations.

In this situation, while discipline was on the decline throughout the Communist camp, the Council of Economic Mutual Assistance could do nothing. More than a year passed before it assembled again, this time in Warsaw in June 1957. A protracted crisis in the Polish coal industry overshadowed the session. In 1956–57 the output of the Polish miners was extremely low; and this threatened to bring to a standstill Polish, Czech, and East German industries, which are all as much dependent on Silesian coal as western European industry is on the coal of the Ruhr.

Pragmatically, to meet a need of the moment, the Council made a further step towards international co-ordination and planning. To avert the recurrent coal shortages it was decided to re-equip and modernise the Polish mines; and, as the Poles alone could not undertake it, the re-equipment was to be the joint responsibility of Polish, Czech, and East German producers of mining equipment. At this session, too, the Russians came out with a definite proposal that the Council should at last begin to tackle long term over-all planning for the whole of eastern Europe; they spoke of a 'perspective plan' covering 10–15 years.

This was evidently a critical point in the Council's career. Its Russian members pressed for something like a supra-national planning authority. The others replied in effect that the Council, being merely a consultative body, on which sovereign national governments were represented, had no authority to engage in international planning and could not claim supra-national prerogatives. A debate of this kind would, of course, not have been possible in Stalin's days; but now there was a genuine conflict of views. Implicitly, this was a matter of nation-state versus 'international division of labour'. The Council had to refer the conflict to the chiefs of the Communist parties; and the issue figured prominently on the agenda of the Moscow conference of the Communist leaders in May 1958.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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The Man Who Made It Tick

HAROLD ROSS, founder and first editor of the *New Yorker*, died in December 1951, aged 59. Since then, various attempts have been made to provide an account of this extraordinary man. None seemed quite to tell one what one wanted to know. Now James Thurber has, in his own inimitable way, done the job. His *The Years with Ross* (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.) is perceptive, humorous and sentimental. Out of it there emerges the authentic Ross. One puts the book down feeling one has met, been exasperated, enchanted, stimulated by the most original figure to be produced by American journalism in this century. Mr de Witt Wallace invented the *Reader's Digest*, certainly, upon which now, as was once said to be the case with the British Empire, the sun never sets. Mr Henry Luce has given the world *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* – all, particularly the first, substantial achievements, but representing only another way of toasting the posties or posting the toasties. Ross's *New Yorker* was something quite new. It is part of American social history. I can see those bound volumes proudly standing on the shelves of reference libraries, and being taken down by everyone who wants to write, in whatever *genre*, about Ross's time. They are an enduring monument.

Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

NO. 5 HOW TO DO THE WHOLE THING NATURALLY

"From the earliest times, the juvenile delinquent—" Yes, yes, that's fine. Now all you have to do is to be absolutely natural. Yes we like your script On Making Art Interesting For Juvenile Delinquents, but you must remember it is terribly important not to make it booky-booky, talky-talky, or writey-writey. In other words don't say "juvenile delinquent"—rather a pamphlet word—and don't say "teen-agers" either if you can help it, that sounds a bit like a horrid little Talk. "The Arts" is rather formal, too. Couldn't you be a bit more direct and talk about those funny black figures drawn by T. S. Lowry running about against a background of snow and council houses?

"From the earliest times—" That's right. Make it vivid for them. The great thing is not to worry. Simply remember that if you want to say something important, look directly at the viewer. No of course that means look directly at the camera. Not at that bit of the camera but at that little nozzle a little bit below to the left. Do you always wear those spectacles? They rather take the expression out of the face. We may shoot you a few questions and we like to make them frank: but we won't tell you what they are beforehand because otherwise you wouldn't be spontaneous and you must be spontaneous, as long as you remember not to turn away from the camera. All you've got to remember is not to look shifty but to be absolutely yourself. Because that is the marvellous thing about the T.V. camera. It instantly reveals the fact that somebody is not being themselves. The slightest falsity, and it shows you up. Yes it's quite all right, that is you, on the monitor, as we see you now. No, of course you don't really look like that. Don't keep staring at it. Now start again.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

I first came across the *New Yorker* in the early Thirties, and became an immediate addict. Then, for a while, I was faintly concerned in *Night and Day*, a rather pitiable effort to copy the *New Yorker* on this side of the Atlantic. I was going to add that copying, especially in journalism, is invariably disastrous when I recalled that, in point of fact, Ross began by copying – of all things – *Punch*. His first numbers, as Thurber points out, were quite deplorable. Then, suddenly, it got going, and became for some years the most brilliant magazine of our time, with contributors (including, of course, Thurber himself) who have become household words in such parts of the world left where people still like and are permitted to laugh, and occasionally break off from televiewing to have a go at the printed word. This, alas, is a diminishing territory.

Ross had the great advantage, in an editor, of being largely illiterate. This meant that he wanted everything explained, and refused to pass a sentence not wholly comprehensible to him. It also meant that he instinctively distrusted pretentious, mannered writing, and, in matters of taste, followed his flair rather than any conformist (or anti-conformist) system. Literate editors can be charming, but they seldom read what goes into the publications they edit, except, sometimes, their own contributions. Ross interminably mulled over proofs, covering them with queries which must have pained contributors. He never quite knew what he wanted – another great advantage in an editor. It prevented the magazine from having too defined a shape. Journalism always has to be experimental. A good editor goes tapping his way along, like a blind man. Each issue, as it was to Ross, is part of a process which has no beginning and no end. It is utterly unsatisfactory except in so far as it provides the possibility of bringing out another issue.

Again, Ross had a deep, instinctive and quite irrational detestation of the magazine's business management. Raoul Fleischmann, who heroically financed the *New Yorker* in its precarious beginnings, once said, according to Thurber, that he could never make out whether Ross hated him for having the money to do this, or for being such a fool as to put money into a magazine edited by Ross. Probably both. There has to be war between the business management and the editorial department.

Only by this means can an essential equilibrium between them be maintained. If peace breaks out, the editorial department is bound sooner or later to become subservient to the business management, which is utterly disastrous. This has happened to a lot of publications in our time. When an editor stops grinding his teeth over the spectacle of the advertising manager returning blithely from an expense-account luncheon with shreds of smoked salmon at the corners of his mouth, he will soon, you may be sure, be wringing his hands over hints and directives coming from that quarter which he dare not ignore.

In the conduct of his own department, Ross was haunted by a dream of order which he never could realise. This, too, was a good sign. Editors should aspire after order, but it is fatal if they achieve it. He was always trying to find a man who would sit at 'a Central Desk . . . a dedicated genius, out of technology by mysticism, effortlessly controlling and co-ordinating editorial personnel, contributors, office boys, cranks and other visitors, manuscripts, proofs, cartoons, captions, covers, fiction, poetry and facts, and bringing forth each Thursday a magazine at once funny, journalistically sound and flawless. This dehumanised figure, disguised as a man, was a goal only in the sense that the mechanical rabbit of a whippet track is a quarry. Ross's mind was always filled with dreams of precision and efficiency beyond attainment, but exciting to contemplate'. Thurber himself did a stint at being the man in question, with, as one might suppose, the most bizarre consequences. He was one of many. They came and went, but, happily, there never was a Central Desk; only Ross.

A consequence of this system, or rather pursuit of an unrealisable system, was a lot of sometimes rather brutal firing of people. The staff turnover was terrific. Once, Thurber relates, a member of Ross's staff who was spending the evening with him ventured to ask him how he was getting along on the *New Yorker*. Ross thereupon fired him. Then, seized with panic contrition, he said that he would also fire Peter Arno; got him on the telephone, and told him he was fired. By this time it was 2 a.m. Arno, having been awakened by Ross's telephone call, bawled him out. And that was the end of the matter. I agree that it was hard on the man who was fired. Even so, I find this episode both humorous and touching. It shows in Ross a certain divine irresponsibility. He first fires a man for irritating him by asking how he is doing on the *New Yorker*, and then, to compensate, tries to fire his most valuable contributor.

It also has to be remembered that, however eccentric his methods of recruiting and getting rid of staff, he succeeded in gathering round him the most brilliant collection of writers and artists perhaps ever assembled, and in getting out of them their best work. Here again, he proceeded by flair rather than rule. For instance, it took him months to appreciate the charm and wit of Thurber's own drawing. He was always feeling his way, groping; but, by virtue of a unique editorial genius, groping in the right direction. He contributed, Thurber writes of him, 'something that had not happened before in his country, or anywhere else, to literature, comedy, and journalism, and he was leaving behind him an imposing monument. He had got his frail weekly off the rocky shoals of 1925, and piloted it into safe harbour through depression and recession, World War II, and the even greater perils of the McCarthy era. His good ship stood up all the way. He sometimes threatened to quit, and he was at least twice threatened with being fired, but he kept on going like a bullet-torn battle flag, and nobody captured his colours and nobody silenced his drums'.

Of course, editing a humorous magazine is a very specialised business. No one who has not experienced it can imagine the agony of looking over piles of roughs to decide whether or not they are funny; of going through manuscripts which in one mood strike one as uproariously funny, and in another as abysmally woebegone. On the *New Yorker* under Ross they selected drawings on Tuesday afternoons. 'Ross', Thurber writes, 'rarely laughed outright at anything. His face would light up, or his torso would undergo a spasm of amusement, but he was not at the art meeting for pleasure. Selecting drawings was a serious business, a part of the week's drudgery, and the back of his mind ever held the premonition that nothing was going to be funny.'

His own sense of humour seems to have been somewhat tenuous. Quite often jokes had to be explained to him, which must have been very painful for one and all. Also, he was terrified that some phallic reference would escape his eye and get into the magazine. He was much troubled by Thurber's famous drawing of a nude female figure on a bookcase, about whom a man is saying to a visitor: 'That's my first wife up there, and this is the *present* Mrs Harris', He telephoned Thurber in the country to know whether the woman on the bookcase was alive, or stuffed, or just dead.

'She has to be alive', Thurber told him. 'My doctor says a dead woman couldn't support herself on all-fours, and my taxidermist says you can't stuff a woman'.

'Then, goddam it', Ross roared back, 'what's she doing naked in the house of her former husband and his second wife?'

As I was reading *The Years With Ross*, I kept looking back at the photograph of Ross at the beginning. His face is a curious mixture of innocence and sophistication. of wry laughter and puzzled anguish – a dry twisted, irritable, kindly face such as you still find around in New York. What an egg he hatched out! How improbable the whole project must have seemed when he originated it! Yet it came off, and today, under the careful editorship of his successor (who was also, in his last years, his trusted lieutenant), William Shawn, his magazine goes marching on, lush and fat and profitable. It is not so sparkling, not so dry, as it was under Ross. Nor is America. Fond of a glass and of a game of crap, jingling dollar pieces in his pocket, shouting 'Goddam!' and other expletives, troubled by ulcers, puzzling and bellowing and pushing his way along, he is an image of the America which produced him and to which he belonged – an image now made delightfully explicit by Thurber.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Spouse

A VIOLENT equatorial downpour caused Fatima's mother hurriedly to seek refuge in the disused rubber smoke-house. She found it; she also found Fatima 'in flagrante delicto' with young Ali. The resulting uproar regaled the whole neighbourhood for some time; it was accentuated by social disparity between the two families. Young Ali's father was a fisherman of slender means. Indeed he possessed little more than his boat and a net; whereas Fatima was the granddaughter of Haji Ibrahim, and her father discharged the function of an office boy in the Department of Justice. How long the altercation would have continued, it is impossible to conjecture; but nature determined the dispute and the marriage took place with some haste and much *éclat*, it having been agreed that only the minimal number of the bridegroom's family should be admitted to the feast.

In such circumstances the bridegroom takes up residence with his bride's family and normally expiates his offence by toilsome labour in support of the whole connection. But young Ali did not follow the usual pattern. Indeed, he proved an exasperating burden upon his wife's family. In the first place he ate exorbitantly; for at 15 manhood is characterised by voracity rather than abstinence. Secondly his time was so occupied as to preclude gainful labour; for he held a government scholarship to St Tarcisius' College, where he was counted amongst the foremost pupils in Form 2a.

News of young Ali's marriage spread like wildfire throughout the school and was the absorbing topic of conversation with everybody outside the staff. The 12-year-olds in Form 2a were so overawed that they hardly durst speak to him, whilst the god-like Sixth were rent by the tormenting emotions of envy and admiration. But after the initial shock had worn off the whole of the senior school rallied to young Ali as a man. The School Certificate class subscribed to buy

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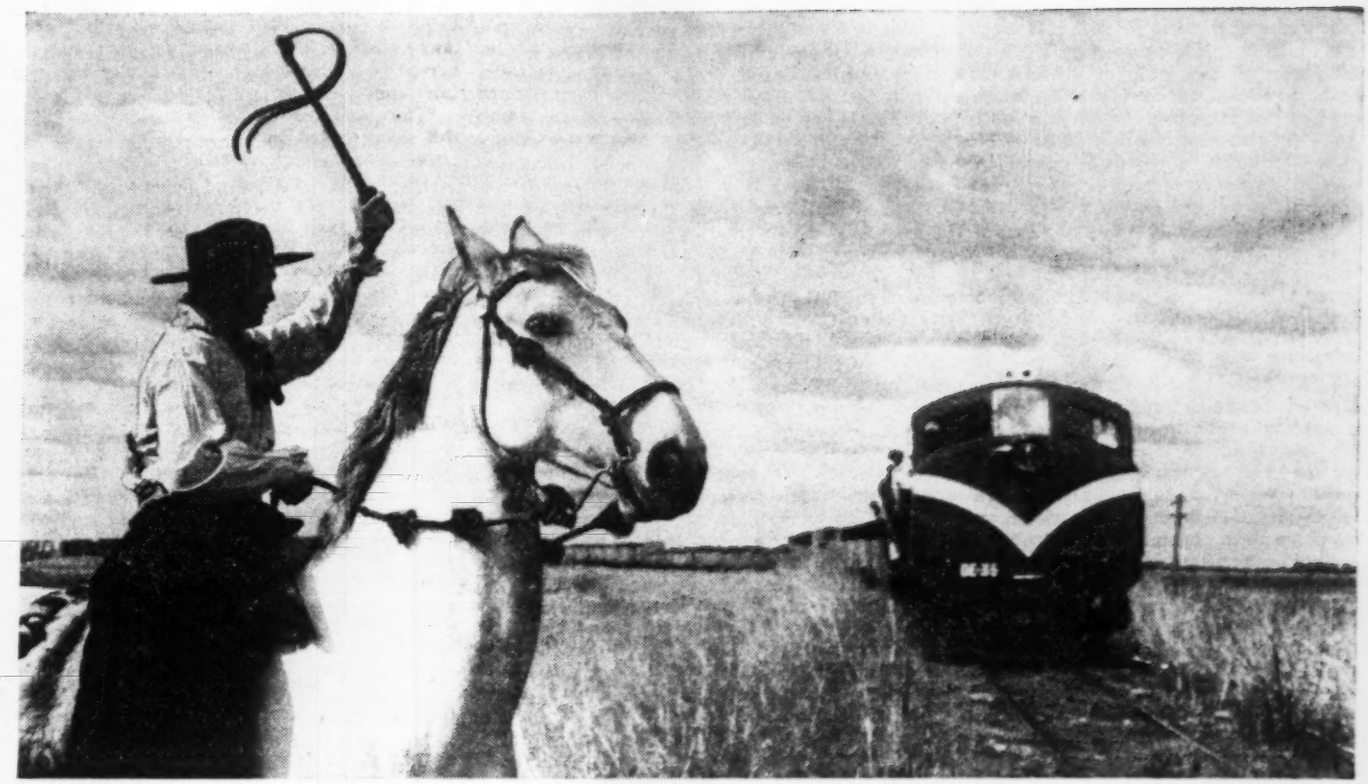

Following the successful operation of five of these 1,000 h.p. diesel-electric locomotives on the Buenos Aires Provincial Railway, twenty-one similar locomotives are now being delivered for the General Belgrano Railway, Argentina. Thirteen are also in operation in Brazil, where in addition the main line from Sao Paulo to Jundiai was electrified by English Electric; rolling stock, three sub-stations and overhead lines were supplied.

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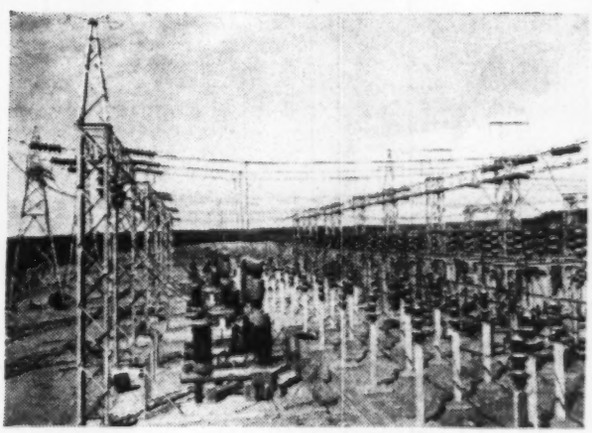

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him a kattie of white birds nests, which are considered the best possible thing for young husbands, while the scientists in the Sixth distilled a cordial which combined everything invigorating known to man. Fortunately young Ali first tried it out on the cat, which expired in convulsions. When in the monthly tests his class position fell from fourth to tenth, the seniors were struck with admiration, concluding that his energies were directed elsewhere. The Sixth detailed a team to do his homework, and the following month he was top of his class.

The crisis came in a geography lesson, when a runner arrived to summon young Ali home as his son had just been born. This threw the whole of the senior school into an uproar of congratulation; and the Sixth gave him a dinner in one of the more dubious restaurants, at which he was much plied with lemonade and questions. But now the Principal heard for the first time of young Ali's marriage and decreed his expulsion as a dreadful example to the rest of the school. The effect was wholly beneficial, for Fatima's family rallied to his support, and Haji Ibrahim raised the matter of his expulsion on the City Council, where such heavy language was used by councillors that the Principal took alarm and wrote to the press, explaining that he had expelled young Ali under the mistaken impression that he was *not* married.

The delinquent was therefore restored amidst the ovations of the entire school. Then a number of parents, whose sons were destined for marriage to the daughters of wealthy business associates in Hong Kong or Jakarta, wrote very straitly to the Principal and took him to task for countenancing the theory that marriage was a matter of love and not business, thereby corrupting their sons. In despair the Principal sought to induce the government to terminate young Ali's scholarship; but obtuse bureaucrats pointed out that he was top of Form 2a, while one of the more infidel sort suggested that if marriage were more extensively cultivated amongst the boys of St Tarcisius's the academic standard might be proportionately raised.

Sports day at St Tarcisius's is always a high social event, for the parents embrace much of the wealth and quality of the city. A great sensation, therefore, was caused when Fatima arrived bearing the infant Akbar and accompanied by a relative of hideously virtuous aspect. She went into the Parents Stand and modestly sat at the back. But word of her arrival spread in an instant and a deputation from the Sixth escorted her to the front row where she was seated upon a chair specially brought for the purpose – the hideous relative being accommodated on a joined stool in the rear. The infant Akbar was much fondled and admired, which attentions he reciprocated very favourably, save for incontinence. The other parents, however, did not relish all this stir, and Mrs Braster asked in a loud voice what this young woman was doing in the stand, for which her unfortunate son Victor had later to apologise to the Fourth. The press was indeed considerable; for the whole of Forms 2a, b and c stood awestruck regarding Akbar, though one nasty-minded 12-year-old, Pak Chow, said that the infant could not possibly be Ali's, for which he was so soundly clouted about the head that he had to take refuge with his parents.

The cloud of urchinry was dissipated by the arrival of Mr Chan, who was escorted to the chair of state by the Principal and other academic dignitaries. After the cutomary formalities of welcome, these withdrew and Mr Chan was left alone to admire the scene. The first thing he admired was Fatima, for neither age, office nor affluence had damped in him the ardours of youth, and he was yet noted for his gallantries. He therefore bade the prefect-in-attendance to invite Fatima to sit beside him, which she did out of reverence for his office, maintaining a demure demeanour such as became a virtuous young woman of 15. To promote conversation Mr Chan speculated upon the outcome of the 120 yards for the Chan Cup and asked Fatima whom she fancied. She replied that Ali was much the best of all the boys; but Mr Chan dissented, saying that Ek Seng was a certainty. The outcome of the dispute was a wager so that Fatima said she would give Mr Chan a dollar if Ek Seng won, and he declared that he would give her a thousand if Ali won. Of course Mr Chan was right, for though a competent hand with his father's net, young Ali had no skill in field sports and had entered for the 120 yards only under severe pressure from his form master.

Ek Seng was St Tarcisius's champion sprinter, and the Chan Cup was already as good as his. Very short odds indeed were offered upon his success. He was also one of the Sixth and in the sentimental stage of growth; this was accentuated by the fact that he was destined to marry a girl, who even in her photographs was dreadful to behold – the daughter of a Hong Kong distiller. He had been deeply affected by young Ali's romance, and the sight of Fatima and the infant Akbar had completely unbalanced him. He assembled the entrants for the 120 yards and told them bluntly that young Ali must win the Chan Cup. So great was his prestige that all assented save one Mustafa, who declared that he would burn in Hell for all eternity rather than see young Ali win. Now this Mustafa was an unsavoury youth, who the previous year had carried off the embossed bible awarded to the best student of religious knowledge, and was notorious for his scriptural language. However, he was sharply put down by Tan Cheng, whose father employed the toughest gang on the wharves and who asked Mustafa whether he wished his lights beaten out in a dark alley. Mustafa agreed. Several offered benzedrine tablets, and young Ali was heavily dosed.

The race confounded all expectations. At the pistol shot Ek Seng streaked away, but tripped and fell, taking care to bring down Mustafa in the process. The next boy in the lead was seized with cramp and barely limped home, the rest made a poor showing, until young Ali in the last yard or two took the lead and won to tumultuous applause. Mr Chan, who had interests on the Turf, thought that the stewards might have taken cognisance of the race; but, never a niggard in gambling, he wrote out a cheque for the thousand dollars.

At the end of the day as young Ali, Fatima, Akbar, the Chan Cup and the Chan cheque were leaving, Ek Seng borrowed his father's car and drove them to as near to their house as the road permitted. When getting out of the car young Ali pointed to a dim shape; it was an abandoned rubber smoke-house. Ek Seng sighed deeply and drove off into the darkness without lights.

ROBERT NICHOLL

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

Edited by Professor Gilbert Ryle

With the co-operation of Prof. Sir F. C. Bartlett and P.of. C. D. Broad

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Peers and Television

It is often said, especially by peers and sycophants, that the debates in the House of Lords are of a far higher standard than those of the Commons. This usually means that, in a debate on colonial affairs, retired governors and such can be relied on to say, sonorously, nothing displeasing to established authority, and to produce such comforting generalisations as that 'all Africans are liars'; whereas the brash and tactless Commons are apt to nag about regrettable incidents like the beating to death of eleven prisoners in a British colonial camp. It means, too, that since it is known to all which Lords are to speak and in what order, their debates make up in *gravitas* or polish what they lack in spontaneity.

Whichever kind of debate temperament predisposes us to favour, and sceptical as one may remain of the Lord's claim to general superiority, their recent debate on the television service does to some extent support the claim. Of the sixteen speeches in it, at least half read well or contained interesting points. (But then, Lord Boothby, who initiated it, and several others who contributed notably, served apprenticeships in the Commons.) I can recall some Commons debates which one would not have listened to for so long. On the other hand, even the dottiest members of the Commons rarely sink so low as this debate's nadir, reached in the speech of the 85-year-old Lord Teviot ('a lifelong Liberal', Lord Boothby called him, without contradiction). It is only fair to say that Lord Teviot explained he had 'yet to recover' from 'a very serious and painful illness.

Compared with this, Lord Boothby's speech was an Everest. He had dug up a quotation from the BBC's Director-General in which Sir Ian Jacob, after making the valid point that two-channel 'competition' denies the public 'true alternatives', and pushing the point slightly askew by adding 'Competition, when it is carried to

OUR MAN IN THE CITY

MONEY TALKS, but these days it tends to talk in a highly specialised language. And unless you are a trained economist, you may easily be up against a communication barrier as insuperable as that which divides the average Briton from the average Hottentot. This is why journalists who can talk turkey within the City and homely sense to the layman outside it are worth their weight in gold. Paul Bareau, the News Chronicle Deputy City Editor, is such a man — adept at translating terms of international finance into the common coin of ordinary speech.

This facility for clear exposition has placed his services in great demand in journalism, both highbrow and lowbrow, in the lecture-room, and on radio and television. Listening to him speak, or reading his News Chronicle column, creates an impression that finance is not really a complicated subject at all. Behind his neat and lucid phrasing lies a lifetime of study and experience, starting at Dulwich College and continuing by way of the London School of Economics, the Statist and banking. From the commercial side of finance Bareau joined the Financial News, where under Sir Oscar Hobson, he became Assistant Editor. In 1935, when Oscar Hobson joined the News Chronicle, he took Paul Bareau along with him. In the past twenty-four years he has provided News Chronicle readers with an unrivalled daily commentary on world economic affairs.

Bareau's knowledge of international finance, and in particular of the complex workings of the sterling area, led to a high-ranking job in the Treasury during the war. In 1945 he went to Washington as a member of the British Delegation appointed to negotiate the American Loan for post-war reconstruction. He also accompanied Lord Keynes to the Savannah Conference that gave birth to the International Monetary Fund and World Bank. This behind-the-scenes experience has been of incalculable value to him in appraising the tumultuous events of the past fourteen years.

Forceful, but not pugnacious, lucid but never superficial, he is equally at home in university seminars and discussions as in the rough and tumble of front page reporting. He is also one of that happy few whose mastery of the intricacies of finance is combined with a far-reaching humanity and a deep appreciation of the arts.

A newspaper is as good as the people who write for it

News Chronicle

extremes, is a continuing threat to freedom of expression', had fallen into a totalitarian attitude as shocking as Lord Teviot's and more sinister, since the D-G is a man with power. Defending a unified broadcasting system and forgetting (or not forgetting?) the BBC's overseas bulletins on Suez, he had referred to 'the dangers of the nation appearing to speak with two or three different voices'. Lord Boothby and several other peers reinforced his charge that viewers have not got genuine freedom of choice in television. We have, instead, two mutually imitative monopolies. Only Lord De La Warr ventured to say: 'We have true competition between rival television producers, and we have four major commercial companies providing some competition against one another' (rather as the GWR 'competed' with the LNER?). As he was largely responsible, when PMG, for bringing us the blessings of commercial television, it was unkind of Lord De La Warr also to say: 'Why the BBC should feel that they have to degrade their programmes in order to compete with another system, I just cannot see. It seems a great pity'.

An authoritative admission of the bi-monopolistic character of the present set-up came from the Government spokesman, Lord Hailsham, who seems to have been quite unflapped by the teasing to which he was subjected – he having led ferociously (before entering the Government) the Lords' resistance to commercial television. With breathtaking coolness, and with a turn of the argument so swift that most of their lordships probably failed to detect the legerdemain, he staunchly denied that 'Parliament was ever misled about the intentions of the Government' – because the creation of a double monopoly *'is exactly what I prophesied would happen'!* So all those ministerial tributes to the virtues of competition, when the Act was debated in 1954, were meaningless or hypocritical. 'What has happened', said Lord Hailsham, 'has happened exactly according to plan'. He omitted to refer to an assurance given by Lord De La Warr (and quoted in this debate by Lord Shackleton): 'What is laid down, and if this Bill is passed will become the law, is that adequate competition shall be ensured. I can give the noble and learned Earl the definite answer that *the Government intend to ensure that that is done*'; and again: 'There shall be no new monopoly, and there shall be adequate competition'. It is a novel constitutional theory that, when a government is thus shown – irrefutably, as it would seem – to have misled Parliament, it can be acquitted of the charge if one of its former critics can say: 'But, of course, Parliament was not misled, whatever the responsible ministers may have said, because *I* was saying the opposite'. Lord Pakenham paid a handsome tribute to Lord Hailsham: 'There is no more sincere man in our public life today'. If this be so, the Labour politicians whom Lord Hailsham is always lecturing for their 'dishonesty' must be almost past redemption.

The most valuable part of the debate was not its repetitious surveys of the present situation, with their elephantine (and inaccurate) gibes at long-haired beat-music shows, but the advice on the future offered by the better-informed peers:

Lord Boothby's view: the BBC should have the whole of the licence-fees, including the part now 'pinched' by the Treasury; ITV commercials 'should be considered more in relation to the type of programme being shown than in relation to the number of minutes per hour'; we should change 'as soon as possible' from 405 to 625 lines; the third network cannot be in operation for some years to come.

Lord Balfour of Inchrye (a director of an ITV programme-company): Let ITA allocate new bands 'for direct competition in existing areas which can carry competition'. Pay-as-you-view 'may be the salvation of the live theatre' and of many orchestras. Extend the BBC Charter for two years, so that the Charter and the Television Act 'can both expire together', and appoint 'a sensible body', with 'a technical limb', to examine the situation and report.

Lord Faringdon: The third network should be independent of the other two, and financed by PAYV.

Lord Taylor (who served on the Beveridge Committee of 1949): Create a National Television Corporation as a second public-service system, to work alongside the BBC. . . . Divide the licence-fees (if necessary, increased) equally between the two for ten years. Allow both channels to carry advertisements, 'subject to real and proper control'. Require them to produce 'different types of programme in alternate weeks' – the BBC 'light' one week, serious the next, and vice versa. 'Then, when a third channel became available, a third competitive corporation could be created and a three-week programme-cycle worked'.

Useful as many of these suggestions were, one speech which dealt with fundamentals rather than technicalities was outstanding: the maiden speech of Lord James of Rusholme. He condemned commercial television forthrightly for its 'presentation of a world in which glittering prizes are to be won every night for negligible knowledge and less effort'. Not that he blamed the producers or the advertisers for doing their job:

> For if . . . we aim to sell soap-flakes or cereals as efficiently as possible, we shall, in honesty, inevitably do two things. We shall avoid anything that can lead to a genuinely independent and critical attitude on the part of the viewer. . . . Secondly, one will present programmes which attract a mass audience; and, by and large, this is most readily done by pandering to the intellectual idleness, the cupidity, and the love of escape that exists in all people. . . . Tastes are being created and satisfied, and their satisfaction is being hailed as a victory for freedom of choice. One cannot . . . use all the techniques of mass-persuasion, one cannot appeal consistently to the facile, the uncritical, and the escapist, and still talk of freedom.

Therefore, Lord James suggested, maximising the sale of soap-flakes simply is not 'a proper aim for this immensely powerful new medium'; and it is 'vital' that a third channel should go to the BBC, which is 'often timid and sometimes smug' but 'does seek quite consciously to raise rather than to lower standards'.

That part of Lord Hailsham's speech in which he relied on his brief ('at the risk of being rather dull') was the most interesting, because it gave some significant clues to the present state of the official mind. The technical problems of line definition and colour TV take priority over decisions about a third channel and how to finance it. 'You are faced with the problem of a third channel which might either use 405 lines, in which case you would hopelessly pre-judge the question of line definition and prevent a change, or run on 625 lines, when you must make some provision whereby those with existing sets would not have to change until . . . their sets became obsolete. . . . That means, I think, the provision of possibly more than one service on the 625-line definition, if that were adopted'.

The problems, both technical and 'political' (mass set-replacement), are formidable; and it seems unlikely, whatever party is in power, that long-term decisions will be taken until the technical report of the Television Advisory Committee has been supplemented by the findings of a Beveridge-type investigation. To such an investigation the Hansard of this Lords debate provides a fair bob's-worth of prolegomena.

TOM DRIBERG

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EDWARD HULTON

Orpheus Britannicus

LONDON'S Purcell-Handel Festival began rather unfestively with a revival of Covent Garden's production of Handel's *Samson*. The chorus seemed as faint-hearted as ever, but Mr Jon Vickers coped bravely until he reached his last great Air, which once again defeated him. This, then, was the modest official opening of the Festival, though the British Museum's fine exhibition of Purcell-Handel autographs and contemporary editions was open early in May and will remain so until the middle of August.

After *Samson*, Handel has been given second place in the programmes, and did not come into his own until the last week of June. In the meanwhile we had heard four of Purcell's major theatre pieces – *The Fairy Queen*, *King Arthur*, *The Tempest*, and *Dido* – and numerous other works including trio sonatas, anthems and odes. Only the amazing set of Fantasias, dating from about Purcell's twenty-first year, were missing from the public concerts. This was regrettable, because despite all that Peter Warlock wrote in the introduction to his famous 1927 edition of the Fantasias, we still need reminding that they are more than just brilliant academic exercises. They show an almost Donne-like enjoyment of knotty problems, which is allied to a ceaseless concern for expressive interest. The only feature that is not to be found is the specific kind of gesture which one associates with Purcell's greatest dramatic achievements. Yet there is an advantage in considering his art at a point where nothing extra-musical is involved, for it diminishes the danger that our post-Wagnerian ears may find an unwarrantable emotional significance

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in the 'nervous' dissonance and modal contradictions which Purcell uses. When Purcell 'dares' in the Fantasias he does so for purely musical reasons and because the whole tradition of English polyphony conditioned him in that way. This experience is not forgotten in the wider world of the dramatic and poetic works. Warlock's view that the Fantasias show Purcell's originality and musicianship at its finest is thus rather limited. But at least we should understand how the youthful mastery of the Fantasias led, for example, to the esoteric complexities of the anthem *My heart is inditing*, or the manifold forms of the great ode, *Hail Bright Cecilia*.

The performance of *Hail Bright Cecilia* at the Festival Hall under Benjamin Britten was the dominating feature of the Purcell Festival. The performance may not have been 'correct', but it was an act of inspired devotion. In some ways, *Hail Bright Cecilia* is more completely representative of Purcell's genius than is *Dido*, his 'standard classic'. It includes that characteristic element of massive ceremonial which *Dido* perforce lacked – balancing his sensuous, introspective side, just as his trumpets balance the 'amorous flute and soft guitar'.

Except in *Hail Bright Cecilia*, where the contrapuntal virtuosity carries all before it, ceremonial and processional occasions of the more brilliant kind did not draw the best from Purcell. With him, the public manner did not engage the whole man, as it later did with Handel. The musical techniques, harmonic and textural, that interested him most were those which were suited to the pretext of conflict in man or nature. Like Shakespeare, he often set this in relief by some cross-reference to the bucolic or grotesque, but his loving musical appreciation of the human comedy was subservient to his profounder sense of tragic impermanence. Even the vision of 'infinite felicity' at the end of *Hail Bright Cecilia* seems to imply that indirectly. On the other hand, the superb *Music for the Death of Queen Mary* (1695), which has recently been restored for performance by Thurston Dart, is a rare instance of Purcell finding a direct correspondence between his public responsibilities and his own holy discontent.

The peculiar strength of Purcell's tragic manner is that it is expressed and made tense by harmonic processes that never for one moment resign their spontaneous, positive flow of life. The spirit of resignation is absolutely foreign to music which so continually poses chord against chord, key against key, mode against mode. Compare, for example, Purcell's elegiac setting of the words 'Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live' (from the Queen Mary funeral music) with a passage such as the Sacrificium from the *Miserere* by Purcell's predecessor Lully. The Sacrificium makes dignified use of plangent dissonances which, in themselves, are not far removed from Purcell. But in the larger span, it lacks Purcell's acute awareness of harmonic light and shade. Out of the darkness of Purcell's setting of 'Man that is born of woman', there comes an all-revealing shaft of harmonic light at the word 'live'. The musical masterstroke is also a profound poetic insight. This hypersensitive responsiveness to word or situation is what makes the recitatives in *Dido* so magnificent an achievement. The thirteen bars of the recitative 'See, see, your royal guest appears' are as highly charged as any aria or chorus in this most compact of works.

Purcell's sensitivity to the poetic image had a more naive side, as everyone knows. Words like 'storm' or 'wind' inspired him to write vast roulades which never had much other than entertainment value. Today, of course, these conceits are beyond the powers of most singers, and when they occur as often as they do in the music for *The Tempest*, audiences are apt to grow restive. The valiant singers in the Old Vic production of *The Tempest* are not to be blamed. It is too much to expect today that the masterly naturalness with which Mr Alfred Deller sings the most florid Purcellian passages should be the rule. However, Miss Jennifer Vyvyan's phrasing of rapid semiquaver figurations, in the performance of *The Fairy Queen* which Professor Anthony Lewis directed so admirably at the Victoria and Albert Museum, was also exemplary.

Surprisingly, the most affecting musical performance in the Old Vic's *The Tempest* was by a member of the cast who was not billed as a singer. Miss Juliet Cooke's 'untrained' singing of Dorinda's crystalline lament, 'Dear Pretty Youth', was a delight. It is surprising to find this song being described in a recent article by Professor Lewis as 'an amusing little air'. Surely it is more than that? The enchanted innocence of its major modality leads up to a setting of that overladen word 'Alas' which is a miracle of melody, prosody – and understanding. Purcell's prosody suggested limitless possibilities in the setting of English verse which were ignored until Britten and Tippett. The extraordinary rhythmic invention always serves the words. On paper the rhythm may be as simple as it is subtle. One thinks of such things as the very arresting upbeat pattern used for setting the words 'Of his bones' in 'Full fathom five' – a pattern which resolves beautifully into the decoration of the word 'corals'.

It is a commonplace to say that Purcell lived in an age that was not ready for his genius. Yet the Purcell Festival has proved once again that man need not be the captive of his times.

DAVID DREW

THE ARCTIC RETAINS A CENTURY-OLD SECRET

THE FACTS ARE :

■ British Explorer Sir John Franklin, 2 ships and 129 men vanished in the Arctic 114 years ago !

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Hulot

So long have we waited its coming, hearing this and that – a miracle – a yawn – then more prizes picked up, and still no sign of the film itself, that we may have grown impatient. It's all very well for Tati to take on himself this three years' incubation of script, but if we have to dawdle another two years for exhibitors to make up their minds; or, as it's hinted, for Tati's price to come down. . . . At any rate here at long last it is – *My Uncle* at the Cameo-Poly and the Cameo-Royal – beyond price.

We needn't have worried; in fact for a tormented world there could be no better worry cure. This odd, delightful film, in the Clair-Chaplin tradition, yet as much itself as either *A Nous La Liberté* or *Modern Times*, the two films nearest it, blows down on our sultriness like some breeze from the height: leaves stir, heads are thrown back, we breathe deep, we smile. The rare refreshment is happiness. That, in its deft, minor, elusive way is what *My Uncle* communicates.

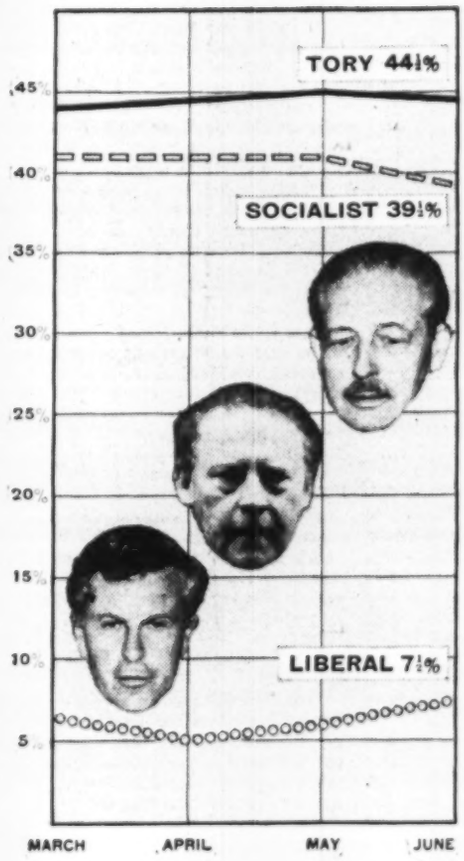
He – Hulot – is uncle to a kid growing up aseptically in one of those push-button glass-houses that obtrude modernity in a quarter of old-fashioned dilapidation. The garden gate opens to a buzz; another press starts the metal fish fountaining; a serpentine path leads through the grassless, geometrical 'garden' to a dwelling all emptiness, polish and gadgets. Our delight in this unmitigated realisation of the new living is swelled by the absurd plump couple who richly if uncomfortably inhabit it. The poor kid has to wipe boots and put on slippers whenever he goes in; but as a matter of fact we have been introduced to this smiling torture-chamber by a fourth party, a gay little Dachs who, despite his inevitable coatee, can squeeze through the gate and rush out to enjoy the frisking, piddling, foraging adventures of his fellow dogs.

At regular intervals Hulot rescues the kid to join in a natural life comparable to the dogs': the local gang have a great game in which they sit in a hill ambush and give a sudden whistle so that passers-by may slap into a lamp-post; there is some betting on this. And, of course, Hulot himself bobs up raising his hat at the moment the fat housewife has been so snared, to receive a fierce 'And a grown man too!' Hulot, by contrast to his rich relatives, lives in a pent-house on a ramshackle old building; and, fascinated, we watch his entries and exits. To get to it you have to go up and round and along and then down and then round again and at last you're at the front door, over which the key hangs, and the first thing to be done on entering is to adjust the window so that it reflects sun on a neighbour's canary which will at once begin to sing. This procedure, visible through windows from the street, has the perfection of, say, the Pons Asinorum. It is a diagrammatic humour (as is also the revelation of the new-life), comedy in formula, in design, in movements as balanced as a minuet. *But* – and without this it would freeze – the heart and the poetry are there. Oh yes! common life is made grotesque and lovable, while Hulot himself presents a Kafka-like figure of fun.

It would be very hard to appraise Tati's own six-foot-four marionette who speaks not a word, wears a brief overcoat, trousers above the ankle, pointed shoes or slippers, a pull-down hat, a pipe. He is the epitome of good-nature, eccentricity, overdone manners, uncouth intrusions. He is a parody of *l'homme moyen sensuel* – badly threatened by the new asepticism – grotesque, patterned, shy beyond words. He is often funny, always fascinat-

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK

The Tory swing at recent local council elections confirmed the accuracy of the Daily Express Public Opinion Poll. This is now proved to be the most reliable barometer of the views of the people on major questions.



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ing. Whole stretches of this film – the weird garden party and the mishaps at the plastic factory – achieve the fantasy of Carroll's wonderland. *My Uncle* is by no means faultless, but I wouldn't have it cut by a foot. Here *is* the genius of comedy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New Music at Aldeburgh

Henze, Seiber, and Malcolm Arnold: the Aldeburgh Festival's concert of new works by these three composers invites comparisons. Would that one could reject the invitation, for in truth Henze's *Kammermusik* 1958, Seiber's *Three Fragments* from James Joyce, and Arnold's Guitar Concerto do not have any musical ground in common. But one could hardly fail to notice a certain affinity between the Seiber Cantata and the Arnold Concerto – an affinity of professional confidence. Both composers know exactly what they wish to do, and set about it in the most direct way.

Arnold's ingratiating musical personality is doomed to success because, like the profile of the matinee idol, it gives up all its secrets at once, and asks no questions of itself or of the audience. If we take into account Mr Arnold's earlier and better works, we find that the Concerto does not contain a single original idea. The statements are agreeable enough, but because we've heard them before and they contain nothing which requires to be resolved, their elaboration is purely a matter of conversational politeness. The structure of the Concerto is quite weightless, for all the gestures of thematic unity. Unless we are to continue drifting in and out of Arnold's music as if it were a convivial bar, we must be given some challenge equal to that made in his first symphonic works.

Seiber, on the other hand, is continually trying new things, and one only has to compare the decorative style of his new Cantata with the taut and wiry strength of his fine Concertpiece for Violin and Piano to see how anxious he is to diversify his means of expression. The extreme economy of his materials is an outcome of his technical strength, and also perhaps of his imaginative limitations. It is partly because the very powerful imagery of Joyce's text shows up the limitations that the Cantata seems less impressive than certain of Seiber's instrumental pieces.

Henze's *Kammermusik*, which was heard in a tape recording of an earlier BBC performance owing to the last-minute illness of Peter Pears, lacks the single-mindedness and precision of either the Seiber or the Arnold. But it has everything else that matters in a real work of art. Settings of Hölderlin's fragment 'In lieblicher Bläue' are combined with purely instrumental numbers to make a work that triumphs, and suffers, from an exuberance of imagination. The imagery is apt to proliferate at the expense of clear invention – some of the harmony and counterpoint is very difficult to hear in detail as well as in relation to the whole – but the sheer vitality of it all is most appealing.

This concert of new music – graced also by the playing of Julian Bream and the Melos Ensemble – reflected the greatest credit on the Festival organisers. So too did Colin Graham's outstanding new production of *The Rape of Lucretia*. Musically, Miss Norma Proctor is a most moving Lucretia, and the cast as a whole should be a model to foreign opera houses which stage this very beautiful work.

DAVID DREW

ENCOUNTER

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Correspondence

THE NON-NUCLEAR CLUB

SIR, – Labour's re-statement of its policy on disarmament and nuclear war is merely the old policy in new words and with a slight shift in emphasis in acknowledgment of the growing pressure from below. It will settle nothing and not cause that pressure to relax.

But at least the Labour Party is alive to this agonising question. Whereas the silence of the cemetery reigns in the Tory Party, stuck with the suicidal policy of using nuclear weapons first, and not even feeling the need for a policy holding out the slightest hope of coming to terms with the Soviet Union.

Labour has got a policy for making peace which is sensible and constructive. But the NEC's new defence statement, like the old, contradicts and makes nonsense of Labour's foreign policy. It signally fails to reckon with the realities that Labour will in any case have to face after the election. We should be in a better posture for winning if they had not been shirked now. Here they are:

1. This country is and will remain unilaterally disarmed in nuclear weapons. The government's ruinously costly attempt by unilateral rearmament to make us a nuclear power regarded as being on the same level as the US and USSR, has been a grotesque failure: our output is three per cent of that of the US. Our stock of H-bombs is 20–30. We have no means of delivering them except a small and obsolescent bomber force. Most of the population would be exterminated in a couple of hours and the rest condemned to a lingering death in agony by a dozen ten-megaton H-bombs delivered by rockets, against which there is no defence.

2. Subsequently, our position in Nato is not that of an equal with bargaining power but of an expendable base and political satellite who must do what he is told by his protector, the US. The Labour leadership suffer from delusions of grandeur about our expensive handful of bombs we cannot deliver and that it would be suicide even to try to use: they first claimed that our home-made three per cent gave us independence and influence with both the US and USSR. That was nonsense. So is the present assertion that if we offer not to go on spending beyond our means in order to remain a nuclear pygmy, other aspirants to nuclear bombsmanship will waive their claims. The non-nuclear club is a non-starter – merely an excuse to go on manufacturing nuclear weapons till the bombs come home.

3. Labour's foreign policy is based on Nye Bevan's oft-proclaimed view that the Soviet Union does not want war and Communism is a social challenge, not a military threat. It looks to inviting the USSR and China into partnership in making and keeping the peace through the United Nations. That policy cannot be combined with continuing to prepare for war against the Soviet Union through Nato, Seato and the Bagdad Pact.

4. Labour's foreign policy proposals are acceptable as a basis of negotiation to the Soviet Union and China, but diametrically opposed to US policy in Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. By insisting that preservation of Nato is essential, Labour knocks the bottom out of its own foreign policy and gives the US a hostile veto on our attempts to make peace.

5. The NEC's claim that those of us who want to renounce nuclear weapons and prohibit their use from British territory then want to sit back and hope our example will be followed, is foolish and contradicted by the further claim that this would destroy the alliances and open the floodgates to Soviet aggression, which in the same breath our leaders and Labour's foreign policy tell us is mythical.

What unilateral action would do is to tell the world that we do not need American protection because we know the Soviet Union does not want war. It would carry with it an implied warning that if our allies refused to come to terms with us on how to make peace, we should no longer be bound by them to go to war.

That is the kind of tough, clear-headed courageous action that would give us bargaining power in both Washington and Moscow and a hold on public opinion everywhere.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

SOUTH AFRICAN BOYCOTT

SIR, – Readers who saw your report on 27 June of efforts by the South African government and white terror groups to intimidate Mr Ronald Segal, editor of *Africa South*, after he helped to launch the economic boycott in Cape Town, may be interested in the following extracts from a letter received from him last week.

'The economic boycott has got the Nationalists more jittery than I have ever seen them – undoubtedly, it is our overseas markets that they are most bothered about. Clearly, the government realises the spot it is in – it cannot introduce anti-boycott legislation without stimulating and spreading the boycott overseas. But it cannot permit the boycott to continue, especially since the collapse of the Langeberg Ko-operasie (the biggest canning company in the country) to Congress. LKB agreed to four major labour concessions – recognition of the trade union, African as well as Coloured, permission to the union to hold meetings on company property, permission to shop stewards to collect dues from union members during working hours without loss of pay, and reinstatement of a number of workers dismissed during the past ten years for political and trade union activities – amounting to a tremendous victory when it is remembered that *Die Burger* warned LKB publicly in an editorial to have nothing whatsoever to do with the ANC, and that LKB itself has one of the worst labour relations records in the country. Clearly, if the boycott is to be used in order to build up a strong African trade union movement in the country, allied to and re-enforcing Congress the government may just as well throw in the towel and save itself the pain of attempting to stay on its feet. It seems to me that it has chosen the temporary solution of intimidation'.

Now, when events are evidently moving towards another crisis, there is a way in which we in this country can help the people in South Africa directly. As an extension of the campaign at home, the African National Congress has called upon sympathisers overseas to boycott *all* South African goods. The ICFTU journal has expressed support for such an international boycott; and several British labour and co-operative bodies have already called upon their members to support it. We can show the South African government, as the African people within the country are doing, that if it will not respond to the condemnation of the world expressed through the United Nations and other international bodies, it can be forced to pay attention by the use of our buying power.

ROSALYNDE AINSLIE

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WC2

WOMAN'S WORLD

SIR, – Jean Sampson says 'within their limited framework women's magazines perform an excellent service'; James Drawbell that 'women have created a new and independent world for themselves'. Large numbers of women, even those who read these magazines, would contest both these statements.

The 'world' of the wife and mother is as old as child-bearing itself, as is the need of women to protect and care for their families. What is new is the possible effect of these women's values in politics, through the franchise for which women waged a bitter struggle.

The purpose – very largely achieved, unfortunately – of the women's magazines is to perpetuate the Victorian fairy-tale of woman's 'protected' existence, to induce her to live in cloud-cuckoo-land and leave the ugly realities of life to men, so that she will go on voting for the status quo.

Strontium 90 is infecting the children's bones: never mind, don't forget to put on your lipstick before breakfast.

Why do women consent to live in this world apart? Mainly because their vital and unpaid work in the home is persistently undervalued by the community as a whole.

But the 'home' cannot exist apart from the 'world'. And there is only one world, that of both men and women, whose joint help is needed to save that world from 'blowing itself up'. Women's values were never more vital to public life than today. Women who stand aside, or those who prevail on women to do so, render an 'excellent service' only to the forces of destruction.

DORA RUSSELL

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THE MALAYAN EMERGENCY

SIR, – In London Diary on 20 June, Critic states: 'The Communist rising has been crushed'. This is a curious statement; curious because one assumes that Critic has a reasonable knowledge of affairs in Malaya, and must have read the 19 June reports of the new agreement whereby the British Government is to give the Federation of Malaya government a further £4 million towards the cost of the 'Emergency' in 1960 and 1961.

If Critic still maintains he is correct, then I would be grateful if he could answer the following questions. Firstly, why are ground and air operations ceaselessly being carried on, particularly in North Malaya? In the recently completed 'Operation Ginger' in Perak, 15 infantry, armoured, artillery and support units were listed as taking part (9 British, 3 Australian/New Zealand, and only 3 Malayan) and new operations are under way. Secondly, why are key personnel of the Malayan Labour Party and Party Ra'ayat being detained without trial, under emergency regulations, for supporting an end to the war through a negotiated peace?

Surely it is correct to say that, however much the Malayan Communist Party has been compelled to give ground against overwhelming military force, mostly non-Malayan, the fighting can go on for a very long time. On war, Tom Paine said 'It has but one thing certain, and that is the increase of taxes'. The Malayan 'emergency', now in its twelfth year, has cost the British taxpayer about £1,000 million; it will cost much more unless peace is soon negotiated.

IAN PAGE

105 Stamford Court, W6

GOING ON LEARNING

SIR, – Mollie C. King seems to have missed my point.

Extra-mural classes are not popular substitutes for full-time collegiate courses. They are rather attempts to provide what has been the essence of liberal learning since Socrates and to some extent continued in the corporations of scholars (usually poor men) which sprang up in Islam and more notably in Christendom – the universities. Such studies have always had a concern for social questions. They partake of the humanistic spirit and are the legacy of all, not the minority who have gained a General Certificate.

'Workers' nowadays connotes all those who are not professional students. The most socially important of these in our modern mass and democratic society is the largest section – those whose schooling terminated at the minimum statutory age.

Further, the significance of the extra-mural class is not the knowledge acquired (postal courses run for profit may impart this more efficiently) but the way its members come to view knowledge, and its implications for society.

GWYN I. LEWIS

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Swansea, Glam.

WYNDHAM LEWIS

SIR, – In writing of Wyndham Lewis as one of the last English novelists to manifest an interest in ideas (which he regards as a distinctly 'European' trait), Mr V. S. Pritchett seems to be implying that Lewis, who survived well into the 1950's, produced no work worthy of note within the last twenty years. According to Mr Pritchett, Mr Graham Greene, George Orwell and possibly Joyce Cary were alone during the years following 1939 in maintaining the idealogical tradition of western Europe in English fiction.

Mr Pritchett perhaps is inclined to view *Tarr* (rewritten 1929) as the last book by Wyndham Lewis to merit critical attention. Either that or he must be operating under the illusion that Lewis departed the world of English letters at a much earlier date than was actually the case. For, in his chronological confusion, Mr Pritchett has neglected to consider roughly ten volumes issued by this author after 1940, four of them works of fiction in which the 'European' fascination with ideas is combined with themes and writing of great power to produce works of very considerable significance.

One need mention only *The Vulgar Streak* (1941), *Self Condemned* (1954) and, fearfully 'European' in conception, *The Human Age* (1955) to emphasise the point that Lewis was indeed 'still around' after 1939 and must be considered as numbering among what Mr Pritchett would have us believe has been a distressingly small band of novelists engaged these past two decades in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent England from 'simply (dropping) out of western Europe'.

England quite obviously has not left that mythical domain – or at least not entirely. And Englishmen, in their masochistic rush to indulge their fancied sense of parochialism, merely succeed in appearing all the more perverse by ignoring any one compatriot whose recent works of fiction very definitely merit a place in the context of European literature.

C. J. FOX

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New York 14

BON VIVEUR

SIR, – I am sorry to see the NEW STATESMAN give currency to a solecism so regrettably beloved by English journalists: T. C. Worsley, reviewing a biography of the late Sir Edward Marsh, calls the subject a 'bon viveur'. There are two expressions in French: *'bon vivant'* and *'viveur' – tout court.* The first means someone fond, in a general way, of what we would call the good things of life, with more than a slight emphasis on the pleasures of the table. The second means a rake, a womaniser. Strictly speaking, I suppose, the two characteristics are not incompatible; but let's put it this way: a *'bon vivant'* might go as far as to pinch the bottom of a pretty waitress who had served him a particularly good *gratiné d'écrevisses*; a *'viveur'* would be too busy thinking up some way of meeting the girl afterwards to appreciate what he was eating.

J. M. LEBRECHT-ELLIS

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Saturday, 11 July: RE-ASSESSMENT:
1. How Effective is the Campaign?
2. Winning Friends and Influencing People.
BENN LEVY, ALASDAIR MACINTYRE, RALPH SAMUEL, JOHN HORNER, MICHAEL SCOTT, TED BEDFORD.
Sunday, 12 July:
BREAKING THE STALEMATE:
3. The British Economy without the H-Bomb.
4. The Non-nuclear Club.
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Innocence of Theodore Dreiser

PROFESSOR ELIAS is in the unhappy position of the scholar who has prayed for documents and been answered by a blizzard of paper: in the collection Dreiser left the University of Pennsylvania, he tells us, the 'letters and documents alone number uncounted thousands of items'. He has shovelled his way manfully through this mass of material, and the result is a three-volume work of 1,035 pages.* It is beautifully edited, though it may be a little disingenuous of Professor Elias to say he has omitted all love letters because they contribute little to our understanding of Dreiser, for whom the 'pagan' view of sex was very important, as he quite frequently demonstrated in his life. Nonetheless, this is a fine piece of scholarship. The question is whether it was worth it.

For these letters are muddled and dull, the work of a man who thought – or at least brooded – hard and steadily all his life, in a wholly mediocre way. Nevertheless Dreiser himself took these speculations seriously, appallingly seriously, and if it is arguable that what he liked to call 'my peculiar and ever-changing philosophy' is the main source of what is bad in his work, it is also arguable that only by such brooding could he bring to the surface those powerful, incoherent feelings that give the best of his work its awkward impressiveness.

He had a strong, religious feeling for the significance of the individual life and the pathos of 'the sensitive and seeking individual in his pitiful struggle with nature – with his enormous urges and his pathetic equipment.' All his best characters – Sister Carrie, Jennie Gerhardt, Clyde Griffiths, Aileen Butler – prove it. 'Compulsions', he was wholly convinced, 'are outside of us, not in,' and on their meaning he brooded all his life. As a young man he read Spencer, and it had a permanently crippling effect on these religious broodings; he was always an easy victim of pseudo-scientific cranks, from the people who discover new authors for Shakespeare's plays or diagnose diseases from handwriting to 'biologists' like Charles Fort who supported his 'scientific' religious ideas. These letters show how deeply he valued that sapping theory of 'chemism' that keeps popping up, like an insane clown.

> . . . our sensorially perceived personal lacks and surplusages have given rise to the thoughts and final words of good and evil as related to us, our mood in regard to that which befalls us – i.e., lack of balance and proportion in our life (phylogenetically developed, of course). And association and comparison, forced on us by the chemic sensitiveness of plasma itself, to harm or help, causes us to contrast our sensitiveness at times of either harms or help to us with those of others, as manifested by them at times of harm or help. These harms or helps . . . are due to chemico-physical rearrangements and readjustments which relate principally to this planet, and this our chemico-physical race, and accompanied by earthly or chemico-physical wear and tear.

(There is something downright fascinating about the awfulness of passages like this, but I promise not to quote any more.)

Dreiser was, as F. O. Matthiessen put it, a primitive. The surface of his mind was as busy as a savage's or a child's with 'my philosophy' and with observations of the world around him that were absurdly misinterpreted. Even his best books are perilously close to soap opera, so that one can never read *Jennie Gerhardt* without remembering *East Lynne* or *The Financier* without thinking of Horatio Alger. It is the ludicrousness of the 'realistic' detail – all the more glaring because Dreiser's imagination was so unselective – that makes this so, the comically inaccurate particulars of upper-class life, the movie-magazine heroines, the impossible dialogue. Dreiser seems really to have thought, for example, that a confident man of the world like Cowperwood addressed his wife as 'my fine big baby' and 'my red-headed doll' – perhaps because Dreiser addressed his own loves that way – and discussed seriously with her the way to get into 'the Chicago élite'.

His observation dwelt above all on clothes and houses. Like Thorstein Veblen, he seems to have sensed the significance of these in a 'classless' society. In *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, Veblen gets his finest ironies out of the discrepancy between the middle-class's perfectly sincere explanation of its interest in dress and his own idea of its sociological significance. Dreiser was wholly incapable of such irony. In his books every Macbeth is deeply concerned for the 'stylishness' of the royal robes, and rightly so, for in Dreiser everyone is immediately awed by the 'richly apparelled' and their 'tastefully constructed residences'; even the shrewdest businessman is immediately convinced of Cowperwood's financial genius by his 'light-brown suit picked out with strands of red, his maroon tie, and small cameo cufflinks'. We hardly need to be told that Dreiser himself was a deadly serious 'snappy dresser'.

Yet, despite these absurdities, whenever some detail finds a private emotion in Dreiser to attach itself to, some feeling generated by his personal experience, it becomes moving and powerful. How completely we live the life of the bellboys at the Green-Davidson Hotel in *An American Tragedy*, not because Dreiser has systematically observed it – though he has – but because he had felt as they did when he was a boy in Chicago. How convincing the account of Jennie Gerhardt's childhood is, because Dreiser had himself lived through that childhood. How perfect, as a poor boy's dream, is Clyde Griffiths's naive vision of the social life of Lycurgus, because it is Dreiser's own dream of glory.

So powerful was this private vision of actuality that much of his everyday life was an acting out of it. He could never, for instance, be convinced that his publishers were not cheating him, because he had his own figures for sales and they were always at least half again as large as the publishers'. In no time at all he would begin to give perfectly sincere and strikingly inaccurate accounts of the events of his life, like the story he told Fremont Older of his quarrel with Doubleday or the assertion to Ludwig Lewisohn that he had waited eight years before dealing with his own experience in *The Genius*, when in fact the first draft appears to have been completed within a year, and the final version was certainly published within five.

He never hesitated to approach anyone with whatever notion occurred to him, innocently sure that he only needed to point it out for people to see it as he did. Thus he once told Earl Browder that the CP ought to provide a free trip to Russia for a friend who was 'a temperamental radical' and therefore, he was confident, agreeable to the Party; and he wrote Roosevelt, when the world was on the verge of war, advising him to consider at once the shocking social injustice of the railroads' failure to provide sleeping cars for the poor. He did not hesitate to tell the director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research that he ought to look into 'the true function of the Solar Plexus', to explain to Stalin how to treat the Poles, and to Madame Chiang her mistakes about Russia ('It is my opinion, and that of many students of Communist Russia, that Stalin can be trusted').

Nor did he hesitate to lay out, in all innocence and at remarkable length, the muddle of arguments he imagined justified his lifelong anti-semitism or to assert in Toronto, in the midst of the war, that 'I would rather see the Germans in England than those damned aristocratic horse-riding snobs there now. The English have done nothing in this war thus far except borrow money, planes and men from the United States' – and then be outraged that his lecture was cancelled and his fee not paid. Even his Communist sympathies depended on his innocent confidence that Communism was an expression of the feeling for the pathos of the impoverished that his personal experience had given him.

These letters are valuable because they show exactly why Dreiser was not a 'realist', but a writer – at moments a very impressive one – of minutely detailed, deeply felt, primitive fantasies.

ARTHUR MIZENER

* *Letters of Theodore Dreiser: A Selection.* Edited by ROBERT H. ELIAS. *Oxford: Pennsylvania. 3 vols.* 144*s.*

The Swan

I study out a dark similitude:
Her image fades, yet does not disappear –
Must I stay tangled in that lively hair?
Is there no way out of that coursing blood?
A dry soul's wisest. O, I am not dry!
My darling does what I could never do:
She sighs me white, a Socrates of snow.

We think too long in terms of what to be;
I live, alive and certain as a bull;
A casual man, I keep my casual word,
Yet whistle back at every whistling bird.
A man alive, from all light I must fall.
I am my father's son, I am John Donne
Whenever I see her with nothing on.

The moon draws back its waters from the shore,
By the lake's edge, I see a silver swan,
And she is what I would. In this light air,
Lost opposites bend down –
Sing of that nothing of which all is made,
Or listen into silence, like a god.

THEODORE ROETHKE

Memoirs

In a square room he chattered with his staff
As reports came in to show his frightful error.
No longer could he work his well-known laugh,
But plucked his whiskers by the gilded mirror.
And, miles in front, men killed in fear or rage
Made individual tragedies that night
In scenes of horror Greekwise done off-stage
While his bright braid glittered in the limelight.

In some cathedral town his story closes
Arraigned more flatly as his blood grows colder;
Ink supplements barbituritic doses
As, like their limbs, his brain begins to moulder;
And history's dramatic intuition shows us
The strategist more tragic than the soldier.

ROBERT CONQUEST

Russell the Philosopher

My Philosophical Development. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

The story of Bertrand Russell's thought between the years 1894 and 1919 is a large part of the history of modern British philosophy. After 1919 there is a gradual divergence. The main stream comes from elsewhere and flows in another direction. At least so it seems at the present time; the future may always disclose another pattern. The early chapters of this book, which describe Russell's escape from idealism and his discovery of the nature of logic, are of the first importance. The reader watches history being made. The following chapter, 'The Impact of Wittgenstein', has its own fascination, since the divergence between Russell and the main stream begins with the meeting of these two extraordinary temperaments.

But with the next chapter, called 'Theory of Knowledge', the story becomes rather dull, a chaos of clear sentences. It is of course a distinguished dullness, like that of Bayle and Voltaire, when philosophy becomes urbane essay-writing, with each essay a variation upon an unquestioned theme. The unquestioned theme is the theory of knowledge itself, as Russell has always conceived it and still conceives it to this day. Following Descartes and Locke, we are to review our various claims to knowledge, to assess their comparative validity and to place them in their proper order of dependence. We shall find that the physical sciences, and particularly physics itself, provide knowledge that is genuinely knowledge of the external world, and that all other claims to knowledge of the external world are by this standard worthless. We shall also find that the records of our own sensations have a peculiar and unchallengeable certainty. Therefore the problem for the modern, or 'scientific', philosopher is to find the link between these two kinds of knowledge. It is the scandal of philosophy that this link has not so far been made secure. For thirty years Russell has attacked this problem in a series of famous books. He now complains that his philosophical heirs have betrayed their inheritance. They accept ordinary and unscientific claims to knowledge without systematic criticism, and they are content to describe, rather than to reconstruct, the fabric of our ordinary speech. Russell would think philosophy itself a trivial enquiry, if it did not enable us to distinguish between objective truth and the uncriticised habits of speech that still survive from a pre-scientific age.

One may not stop to ask where Russell finds his criterion of genuine knowledge and how he separates scientific truth from that base of common observation of objects on which it finally rests. Even so he remains in this book, as in his other writings, astonishingly indifferent to the detailed description of experience and of its varieties, and to the understanding that very particular description brings. As a logician, he always looks for the concise formula, and is content with blanket words like 'science' and 'scientific', which smother an immense range of different interests and methods, from those of geology to nuclear physics, to psychiatry, to the study of animal behaviour. Perhaps the greatest service of philosophy will in the future be found in the detailed illustration of the particular differences between types of knowledge and of experience rather than in an assimilation of them to a common and abstractly conceived pattern: perhaps this illustration of variety, of the details of the special case, is truly characteristic of con-

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temporary thought and is the real break with the systems of the past.

Hegel and Wittgenstein, each from his own premises, concluded that philosophy must make this break with its past, and the so-called 'philosophy of ordinary language' may best be understood as a sign that they were right. Every scientist, mathematician and philosopher is also a medium-sized physical object, moving among other physical objects, and participating in a particular culture. As a single person, he necessarily has habits of relating that which he claims to know about himself, and about the external world, while he is in the laboratory or study, to that which he claims to know while he is engaged by other interests. The philosophical study of language is only the illustration by examples of the ways in which he makes these transitions. At least we have to observe the world of thought in which we live from the inside before we can criticise it from some external standpoint.

The record, here printed for the first time, of a great philosopher's first steps in philosophy as a boy is extremely moving and will always be read and quoted.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

Moravia's *Roman Tales* and C. P. Snow's *The New Men* now appear as Penguins, and there are two new Pelicans: *A Shortened History of England* – abridged from G. M. Trevelyan's *History* (6s.) and Robert Graves's Clark Lectures of 1954–5, *The Crowning Privilege* (4s.). *Yorkshire: The West Riding* is the latest volume of the Pevsner Penguin Guide (10s. 6d.) and the Penguin *New English Dramatists*, contains Doris Lessing's *Each His Own Wilderness*, Bernard Kops's *The Hamlet of Stepney Green*, and Arnold Wesker's *Chicken Soup with Barley* (3s. 6d.).

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No Trumpet Sound

New Fabian Colonial Essays. Edited by ARTHUR CREECH JONES. *Hogarth*. 25s.

It is easy to be rude about the Fabians in colonial affairs. They may have described the bull of imperialism: but when have they tried to seize it by the horns? On the contrary, they have let the beast run by to the tune of nothing more than a murmur of respectable dissent; or else restrained themselves, when it ran amok, to cries of melancholy protest. Thus one stereotype. Another, one remembers, is the picture of a gang of long-haired but efficacious conspirators whose private line took them straight to Stalin's telephone – a stereotype long familiar among European communities in East and Central Africa, where any serious enquiry into right and wrong has been generally regarded as a crime against society.

The truth about the Fabians in colonial affairs is not, in fact, difficult to get at, although their own tendency to say in ten words what can better be said in two or three often makes it seem so. Mr Creech Jones, who edits this new collection of essays, goes to the heart of the matter when he says: 'The Labour Ministers sent to the Colonial Office [after the 1945 election] had long been identified with the popular movements struggling to express colonial freedom and with the rights and welfare of the dependent peoples'. It is the Fabian tradition and no other which can rightly claim the main credit for this. In large part the Fabian tradition really was responsible for disentangling Britain, after 1944, from a number of imperial enterprises of the kind which were to lead, under other guidance later on, to Cyprus and to Suez – and the Hola killings. It is surely time that this great service to the Labour movement, and thus to Britain, should be recognised at its real and outstanding value; and the publication of these new essays offers a good occasion for saying so. But what, irreverent youth may ask today, have these dear old boffins of the vestryman's era got to offer now?

These essays ought to provide the answer; and to a limited extent they do. To no more than that, unhappily, because the authors of these essays are writing from different standpoints and, evidently, for different audiences; and the chosen form has prevented any attempt to collate and harmonise conclusions. Some of the authors seem principally concerned to defend what the first post-war Labour Government achieved in the colonial field; while others seem to think that the anti-colonial argument still has to be argued, as a matter of principle, in the Labour movement. Whom, one wonders, is Mr Kenneth Younger thinking of when he writes – of the longevity of Portuguese colonialism: 'One should not be deceived thereby into thinking that there can be anything permanently valuable in Portugal's performance'? Is anyone in the Labour movement so deceived? And Mr Arthur Gaitskell even finds it necessary to write colonialism between inverted commas – as though the thing was pretty much a figment of the imagination anyway. But what Socialist thinks it is?

In contrast with this, there is Dr Thomas Balogh. He takes the Socialist convictions of his audience so far for granted that he launches out into an extremely interesting and thought-provoking plea for a Socialist Commonwealth within the framework of the sterling area. This contribution seemed, to me at any rate, the most useful of these essays – precisely because it really tackles the biggest question of all: what are to be the relations of Britain with her ex-colonies of now and of the near future? My preference for this particular essay, I ought to confess, was a good deal enhanced by its being singled out for severe criticism by the chairman of Messrs Booker Bros (Guiana and Central Africa) in a review elsewhere. What is bad for Booker Bros, one feels, cannot possibly be all that bad for Socialism.

Perhaps one hopes for too much. But the value of these essays lies far too often – the last-named apart – in the questions they put rather than in the answers they provide. Much is discussed in this book: little or nothing is settled. Yet the hour is later than we think; and the time when the Labour Party can still assert its leadership over liberated colonial peoples – by sheer good sense and the practical wisdom of thought and action for the common good – is running out fast. 'Conservatives', writes Mrs Eirene White,

> have no answer to the widening gap between the rich countries of the world, which are growing richer, and the poor countries, which are growing relatively poorer. A Labour Government can provide some of the answers, but only if it is quick off the mark . . .

That is very true; but to be quick off the mark a Labour Government will have to be armed not only with goodwill and a liberal reputation, but also with a clear understanding of the results it ought to achieve, and may hope to achieve. Tucked away in this book – along with the hesitations and the contradictions and the sheer oddities – there is a great deal of good sense. But the total effect is defensive and disappointing. It is a pity that the Fabians have not found it possible to sound their trumpet more confidently and more clearly: and to round off their essays with a coherent statement of what they, as a body, think long-range Socialist policy should now be.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Wright and Another

A Testament. By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. *Architectural Press*. 70s.

Frank Lloyd Wright wrote, and others have written, so much about Frank Lloyd Wright that this last book of his lifetime, re-reviewing the architecture pictorially and pursuing the soliloquy to its close, is not likely to make much of a stir. It does, however, make an epilogue; and it does remind one how far back in the nineteenth century go the roots of Wright's gigantic success. His first important work was done in 1893. But what he brought into the world then was something that had been trying to be born for a long time and which in fact had had at least one independent pre-existence. I do not know if anybody has ever developed an analogy between Wright's work of 1893-1910 and that of a Glasgow architect called Alexander ('Greek') Thomson in the eighteen-fifties, a man who seems to me by far the nearest thing to Wright we ever have had – not forgetting the more obvious Glasgow master (Wright's exact contemporary), C. R. Mackintosh. 'Greek' was a misnomer, some fulsome porticos notwithstanding, and Thomson's formal innovations were startling; unique in Queen Victoria's Britain they were basically very like Wright's, half a century later, in Illinois. Thomson knew about splitting up walls into piers and making rhythmic friezes of windows, he knew about 'kinship of building to ground' (Wright) and was dexterous with terraces and podia. He would invent rich and somewhat cranky ornament, breaking into anthropomorphic

episodes. His wide-eaved villas seem to adumbrate the 'prairie' houses. He had it – very nearly – all.

In short, the Scot found out in his own way that trick of 'abstracting' neo-classicism which was the clue to all architectural freedoms till the vision of Picasso and Le Corbusier rendered such freedoms relative.

Wright learnt something like it from Sullivan; but the Unity Church of Oak Park and Midway Gardens, Chicago, have – so it seems to me – a really close affinity with Thomson. Wright was, perhaps, intrinsically, the more able and inventive of the two, but not by all that much. The main consideration in comparing them is that the myth of the architecturally 'modern' was, in the Glaswegian Fifties, a mere whisper; Wright lived to know it, in our century, as the afflatus upon which he and his style soared to greatness.

This reference back to an obscure hero of Victorian Glasgow about whom nobody has ever written a book, may help to liquidate some of the sentimental nonsense which makes Wright into a kind of Middle-western messiah with a gospel of sweet, clean-limbed reasonableness unknown to the tired East. It was a gospel devastatingly matched with an inherited ability as an extempore preacher and perfectly acceptable to some circles in Europe of the early 1900s; and of course there was something, though not very much, in it. As Wright recedes into history, he will probably be thought of as a belated but outstanding nineteenth-century figure who planted some surprising rockets in the middle of the twentieth. The Mile-High Illinois project (1956) is perhaps the most surprising of all. But what a very nineteenth-century thing to want to do!

JOHN SUMMERSON

Ruined and Divided

Berlin: The Eagle and the Bear. By JOHN MANDER. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 21*s.*

Except for a passing vogue in the late Twenties and Thirties, Berlin has received little attention from British writers. Mr Mander admits that this relative upstart among the great European capitals has few architectural or historical attractions for the casual tourist; even before the bombardment of the last war, which destroyed more than half of its buildings, it was neither by beauty nor elegance that Berlin captivated some of its visitors. And Mr Mander's book shows that the ruined and divided city retains this power to captivate. Largely factual and impersonal though it is, Mr Mander's account is full of significant details that reveal his intimate knowledge of the post-war city and its inhabitants; the information he conveys – and there is an astonishing amount of it for so short a book – wouldn't be nearly as fascinating if Mr Mander had not succumbed to the gruff charm of the living bear.

The bear, by the way, stands for the character of Berlin, the eagle for the various forms of foreign domination that have been imposed on it, from that of the Hohenzollerns who first acquired the March of Brandenburg in 1411 to that of Hitler and the present occupying powers. The influx of French Protestants, Slavs and Jews is also dealt with, and is hardly separable from the history of the bear. Though Mr Mander apologises for a prejudice in favour of literature rather than economics, his history of Berlin from the time of the Great Elector of Brandenburg (1640-1688) to the present crisis is admirably vivid and concise. The prominent personalities turn out to be Frederick the Great, Bismarck and the late Ernst Reuter; but many others are outlined.

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ATLANTIC BOOKS

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If something like an apology for Prussia emerges from this book, such an apology is long overdue. For all their faults – and these were mainly negative and passive since the rise of the bourgeoisie – even the much maligned Junkers were the victims of their own moral code. Mr Mander provides a table of the losses suffered by some of the leading Junker families – von Bülow, von Arnim, von Kleist, von Wedel and von der Schulenburg – in both world wars; the first and second lost a total of 68 and 57 members respectively. Mr Mander is right to emphasise the Romantic element in Nazism, the un-Romantic character of the Prussians generally, and the Berliners in particular.

> The Prussians had not been prone to Mysticism nor, until the mid-nineteenth century, to Romanticism. At its best Prussianism has represented something to be respected: Kantian ethics and selfless devotion to duty. Only later, as it became stereotyped under Bismarck and Moltke, did it suggest the Philistine Jingoism of a Victorian public school.

This is not to absolve either Prussia or Berlin from all blame for the Nazi régime; selfless devotion to duty is easily abused. The bear, as Mr Mander points out and Frederick the Great knew well, is better at growling than at biting. The fiasco of the 1848 'revolution' is a good example.

Mr Mander's prejudice in favour of literature and the arts has proved anything but a disadvantage to him even as the chronicler of Berlin. His refreshingly sensible explanation of Hitler's coming to power is typical of an approach that grasps the totality of a phenomenon, including the economic, social and psychological aspects. All those German peculiarities that continue to puzzle British historians are present in the literature of the Romantic, Biedermeier, Naturalist and Expressionist periods. If Mr Mander is not puzzled – and his first explanation of Hitler's rise to power is the simple one that 'the German people chose him' – it is because he knows modern German literature as well as he knows Berlin. He is equally penetrating about the effect of the air lift on the cold war and the literary cult of Gottfried Benn in the West, Bertolt Brecht in the East, at about the same time.

A few minor inaccuracies should be corrected. The late arrival of Naturalism in Germany is not brought out clearly because the date of Arno Holz's *Buch der Zeit* is given as 1866, instead of 1886. Benn was not 'a literary sensation' in 1910, since his first pamphlet of poems, published in 1912, was scarcely noticed at the time; nor did 'the forms remain strict' in these early poems. To say that Marxism derives from Judaism makes about as much sense as to say that Voltaire's philosophy derives from Roman Catholicism; the messianic quality in Marx's early writings derived from Hegel, and Hegel derived it from the Protestant divines of his native Suabia. An occasional simplification was almost inevitable in a book that says so much so briefly and so brightly; but it remains an excellent introduction to the 'power-pivot of Europe'.

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The Go-Between

Endymion Porter. By GERVAS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

'Go! Hunt the whiter Ermine', wrote D'Avenant in a happy moment, 'and present His wealthy skin as this day's tribute sent To my Endymion's love. . . .' Fortunate in the magic of his name, Endymion Porter lingers in the margin of early Stuart history, providing the occasional line of poetry, a graceful reference, a casual aside. But look at the superb double portrait in the Prado of Porter and Van Dyck, and illusions are banished. The wistfulness, the refined melancholy traditionally associated with the Court of Charles I are there – but in the face of Van Dyck. Endymion himself is solid, heavy, rather bloated and very prosaic. The face, alas, belies the name.

Poetry and prose, oddly contrasted in his name and his appearance, run side by side in his life. In him, opposing worlds meet and coexist. His Spanish blood, his partly Spanish upbringing, give him a cosmopolitanism unusual among the Stuart gentry; but the cosmopolitan is also a man with roots struck deep in the Cotswolds, and on his travels his thoughts are for ever returning to his family and his home. Connoisseur and patron of the arts, he is the *protégé* of Buckingham, the intimate of the King, the ornament of the Court; but if he is an ornament, he is also a necessity. His Spanish background makes him useful in negotiations with Madrid; his knowledge of the arts makes him useful in negotiations with artists and collectors whose pictures are wanted to swell the royal collection; above all, his intimacy with the great makes him indispensable to all those negotiating for patronage and honours. He is the 'good doorkeeper', as one suppliant described him; the contact man, the go-between. Like all such indispensable characters, he had excellent opportunities, and made the most of them. Of his annual income of over £3,000, perhaps £300 came from the family estates. The rest came from the offices and pensions, the monopolies and the patents, that came the way of the successful courtier. This was the inevitable reverse to the medal of the elegant life of the Caroline Court.

Mr Huxley describes with skill and restraint the two worlds of Endymion Porter. While paying full attention to his patronage of artists and men of letters, and to his relations with his wife and family, he does not overlook the more unattractive features of Porter's career. This is a balanced portrait which, while restrained by the nature of the evidence and the character of the subject, manages to remain both judicious and alive. It is not, however, entirely original. In 1897, Dorothea Townshend published her *Life and Letters of Mr Endymion Porter*. Mr Huxley has clearly gone to the originals of the many documents which she quoted, and has added more detail to the background. But the similarity of the books is marked. A more generous acknowledgment of his predecessor's work than a belated footnote reference would in no way have detracted from a proper recognition of Mr Huxley's own labours, while rendering tribute to an earlier hunter, not of 'the whiter Ermine' but of 'brave Endymion' himself.

JOHN ELLIOTT

Africa and Siena

Modigliani, Man and Myth. By JEANNE MODIGLIANI. *Deutsch.* 55*s.*

Modigliani must not be dismissed. There is a confused tendency to do so. He saw human beings in a new way and his vision has expanded our consciousness. The rigid style he evolved for his particular genre of portraiture came from an early acquaintance with the carvings of the Sienese sculptor Tino di Camaino and the impact of African sculpture which he experienced after arriving in Paris in 1906. This formal synthesis between European and African influences has precipitated one of the most complex problems of our time: does the exploitation of certain external facets of primitive art by a sophisticated European sensibility kill its internal mainspring and essential point? The answer, I think, is Yes; it produces empty mannerism and an equally vapid eclecticism, rootless and heartless. Such mannered eclecticism exactly matches the condition of modern society, with its elaborate standards of behaviour and lack of beliefs to which these standards should be subordinate. But in foreshadowing this state of affairs Modigliani is blameless, for he explored compulsively and intuitively, and was unconscious of the sociological implications of his work. We would do better to scrutinise the work of his successors, who have managed to degrade and emasculate an immense cultural and spiritual challenge into a set of clichés designed to make the Left Bank respectable – and safe – for the Right Bank. Prime example: Bernard Buffet, slick purveyor of pop-modernity. What a decline!

Ill-health and lack of money made the practice of sculpture impossible. Modigliani took to painting and drawing, searched for a style which at once reflected and compensated for the thwarted sculptural instincts, and clung tenaciously to it for the rest of his short life. A Mediterranean Jew whose alcoholism and drug-taking clearly point to an inner insecurity, Modigliani needed his style as an anchor. His insight into character and identity, and the resulting intensity of his portraiture, easily transcend his limited style. His portraits of artists and poets, anonymous adolescents, and above all women, are both incisive and dramatic. His thin paint and restricted colour and the lean, concentrated classicism of his shapes are the outer signs of a passion no less fierce than that of the early Kokoschka, who displayed his feelings in a more exuberant and baroque notation.

Jeanne Modigliani has written a well-meaning but essentially disappointing book about her father. There is a good deal of factual information in her account of the artist's life, and much of it is new, but somehow it does not add to our knowledge or understanding of his painting and sculpture. The planning of the narrative sequence, and the style itself, are scrappy and sometimes confusing. On page 54 we read: 'His discovery of Negro art, about which he would talk endlessly and enthusiastically, and the example of Brancusi, Lipchitz, Nadelmann and Metchaninoff, certainly encouraged Modigliani towards 1909 to devote himself primarily to sculpture, but this was no sudden conversion'. On page 55, refuting an Italian writer's claim that Modigliani was stimulated by the sculpture of Nadelmann, the author says: 'But it was only in 1913, at the exhibition at the Galérie Drouot, that Modigliani discovered Nadelmann's sculpture'. This art-historical quibble over whether Modigliani was or wasn't affected by Nadelmann may not interest the general reader, but it disfigures a work which claims to be definitive. The illustrations, divided into paintings, sculpture (not enough) and drawings, are well chosen and well printed but it seems a pity that practically nothing is included from English collections. For once, the English took to the idiom of an innovator before snobbism or vast prices made it falsely acceptable, and there are many first-class examples of Modigliani's work in England which might well have been included among the reproductions; at least three would have added substantially to the scope of the book.

BRYAN ROBERTSON

Strong Beer

The Brewing Industry in England, 1700-1830. By PETER MATHIAS. *Cambridge.* 85*s.*

This massive volume of nearly six hundred pages proves that the detailed history of the brewing industry is at least as interesting as front-page news stories. Some of the names were the same in Mr Mathias's 'age of porter' as they are in today's headlines, for there is no contemporary industry more firmly rooted in the past. It was in the early eighteenth century that a handful of enterprising London brewers with names like Whitbread and Truman started an industrial revolution in brewing which is still incomplete. Their exploits and their problems receive equal attention in this scholarly survey which is concerned also with their provincial and international background. A large porter brewery in London was as different from the brew-house of a provincial inn as a cotton mill was from a cottage workshop, yet the high costs of transporting beer permitted the prolonged and cheerful co-existence in the brewing industry of 'progressive' metropolitan giants and 'traditionalist' country pigmies. Two hundred people could dine comfortably in Richard Meux's great London vat, while some provincial brewers would have been hard pressed to find two hundred customers. This range of business experience in one single industry was exceptional, as exceptional as the growth within the brewing world of Burton-on-Trent. The label 'India Pale Ale', manufactured in Burton, is a reminder that it was easier before the advent of the railway to transport ale to Calcutta than to many parts of the British Isles. The dray-horse was a more ubiquitous symbol of the industry than the great vat.

Mr Mathias explores the changing fortunes of the industry with a detachment that will surprise brewers and teetotallers alike. He points out that with few exceptions, notably technical sudies,

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most earlier books on beer and brewing have been either denunciatory or romantic. Folksy pictures of pewter pots and oaken tables have been set against statistics of the 'drink bill'. There are four main reasons why the serious economic historian is concerned with the industry. First, brewing links agriculture and industry, the developments of which are often studied quite separately. Second, technical and business changes in London brewing after 1720 constituted a kind of industrial revolution in themselves. The introduction of porter was an innovation which led to economic consequences as striking in their own context as coke-smelted iron and 'pressed-ware' pottery were in *the* industrial revolution. By 1800, as a result of the use of steam power, virtually all the operations of brewing could be mechanised. Third, the structure and growth of the brewing industry depended on general factors which have already been studied by economic historians – shifts in consumers' incomes and tastes, for example, and the foundation of a national transport system. Fourth, the industry posed crucial questions of fiscal and economic policy from revenue-raising to the control of 'monopoly' or more accurately of oligopoly. The story of the Golden Lane Brewery founded in 1804 in an attempt to break the London oligopoly illuminates the financial history of the period at least as brightly as the story of take-over bids will illuminate the financial history of our own times. The venture touched basic issues not only of monopoly but of company organisation and joint-stock finance.

Big though this book is, it does not exhaust these four themes. London rightly dominates the scene: there is still far more to be said about the provinces, not least about Burton. There is a full account of the raw materials of brewing with long chapters on hops and barley, but outside the valuable statistical appendix there is relatively little on demand. Mr Mathias rightly remarks that there are 'too many variables and so many unknowns' to give definitive answers to such leading questions as why porter triumphed in eighteenth-century London or why after 1830 the age of porter gave way to the age of ale. He discusses the relationship between industrialised brewing and public-house retailing, but there is far more to find out about the history of the public house not only in the new industrial cities, left out of this book, but in London itself. Adulteration of beer is referred to in several places, but the subject needs to be examined in relation to the adulteration of other commodities also and to the standard-of-living controversy.

The success of this study, however, lies in its breadth of treatment as much as in its detail. Unlike most recent business historians who have concentrated on a single firm, Mr Mathias boldly chooses a whole industry. Unlike many economic historians who deliberately narrow their range, he explicitly recognises that 'economic history has, of itself, no autonomous existence as an isolatable "aspect" of history, being enmeshed at every point with the whole complex of human activities, political, social and intellectual'. These two distinctive emphases guarantee that his book will prove useful both to future writers of monographs on particular firms in the brewing industry and to the more ambitious makers of social and economic syntheses.

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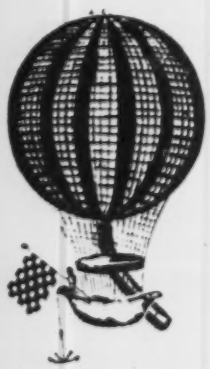

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EDWARD HULTON

New Novels

Some Came Running. By JAMES JONES. *Collins.* 21*s.*

Beat on a Damask Drum. By TROY KENNEDY MARTIN. *Murray.* 16*s.*

The Visited. By JOAN O'DONOVAN. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Magic Christian. By TERRY SOUTHERN. *Deutsch.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

A good title for *Some Came Running* would have been *From Here to Eternity*. It goes on and on, for 900 crammed pages and, such is its texture – like everlasting toffee – it could easily have been stretched out to 1,900. It has the familiar colouring, plumage and call-note of the American Epic: the chunks of interior monologue in which the hero is referred to as 'you'; the picking up of some name from a previous sentence in order to expand with a paragraph or two of rumination – 'Sister Francine. It was her address he had put on the hotel register'; the sudden passages in which the author forfeits the luxury of punctuation:

> the eighth grade was also the year that Francine her sensitive nature no longer able to suffer the continuing embarrassment which Frank had warned of flounced out in a fury and left town on her own and began putting herself through teacher's college wasnt it ?

Book one, book two, book three. Prologue. Epilogue. Dedication. The fashioning of words into patterns, so that the paragraphs bear the anvil-marks from being hammered into shape.

What it all boils down to is a straightforward read about life in an American small town. Dave, a writer who left home under a cloud 19 years ago, returns, to the embarrassment of his brother, a randy Babbitt. He gets involved with some barroom layabouts, with a college teacher who is a virgin, and with the girls from the brassiere factory who are not. Now read on. The novel builds up, stone by stone, a monument to life in the sticks of Illinois – featuring, of course, the Judge, Doc, the Elks and all the rest of that *Saturday Evening Post* crowd, plus a bonus of citizens who live life in a raw way. It is a kind of *Main Street* with bowel movements.

Mr Jones has his moments. Sometimes he is terribly funny, as for example when Dave's brother takes to padding around the neighbourhood looking for naked women. Often he is intuitively observant, as when he is describing the loungers in the beer tavern:

> There was that same quality about all of them . . . something not menacing, something that just gave the impression of dangerousness, the dangerousness in just living, which most of us managed to forget. . . . The only way you could say it, he thought, was that the life they lived still had fist fights in it. Most men never fought in fist fights after they were twenty-five.

But these are pearls in the pomegranate; they need winkling out and looking for. For much of the time the novel is tedious and pedestrian; a great deal of it is written in book-clubese, and the plot shows through like bones. I will admit that it is a difficult book to put down, but when you have put it down, it is monumentally difficult to pick up again.

I looked forward to Troy Kennedy Martin's first novel, because I had been very impressed by his television play about Cyprus, *Incident at Echo Six*. Mr Kennedy Martin, when he has got rid of a strong vein of pretentiousness, will be well on the way to becoming the Stephen Crane of the post-war battlefields. He has a fine understanding of the men who get caught up in these abortive politicians' wars and of the Lawrence-like mystique that touches those who are closely involved; he builds up expertly the decayed, off-beat atmosphere of napalm and helicopters and luxury hotels and abandoned scout cars that is so much a part of this kind of warfare. 'In history, it used to be red for one side and blue for the other. . . . It saves a lot of trouble, I can tell you, telling a good man from a bad; but today you can't tell one from the other'. The great flaw of *Beat on a Damask Drum* is in the plot – the arrival, for no very satisfactory reason, of an actress in the interior of Indo-China after the fall of Dien Bien Phu. She attaches herself to a small private army and there is a great deal of argy-bargying on Life-what-is-Life terms, resolving itself in a disastrous search for some paintings in dangerous country. The book's *raison d'être*, the arrival of the actress, never for one moment rings true, but if you can accept it, some of the scenes are very well done. There are some rather wordy passages, and some phoney biblical rhetoric which is embarrassing to read. But there is enough to show that Mr Kennedy Martin, who is still in his twenties, is going to write a very good novel indeed.

Miss O'Donovan made a great reputation with her short stories, and her first novel, *The Visited*, opens as though it were going to be a short story. A middle-aged spinster lets herself be picked up by a washed-up, would-be Lothario. A riotous evening together in a Dublin bar, followed by bed. So far, a snowflake of human incident, tenderly described. But this is no brief encounter. Miss O'Donovan takes her couple home to the consequences, to the spinster's bitch of a mother, and to her lover's impossible cat and impossible daughter and absent wife. The snowflake has suddenly become a snowball and is rolling downhill, gathering momentum. Miss O'Donovan shows great skill in the way she changes the weight of her novel, adding to it ounce by ounce, until it is heavy with tragedy.

I was vastly irritated by *The Magic Christian*. The idea is good; Guy Grand, millionaire, devotes his riches to an active satire of modern life. For example, he markets a new American car longer than a Greyhound bus. The idea jotted down, however, the author lets it go at that – he offers us Notes for a Novel instead of a novel. Mr Southern, who writes well (that is what is so infuriating) apparently believes, fashionably, that if you stick to one character and one idea and no development, you will come up with what someone will describe as a delicious soufflé. Pity he can't have a bit of competition from those old three-decker novelists who could swallow half a dozen characters like Guy Grand before breakfast. (But then, of course, we're back with *Some Came Running*.)

KEITH WATERHOUSE

The Professional Touch

King of the Mountain. By GEORGE GARRETT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

The Trusting and the Maimed. By JAMES PLUNKETT. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Variety Show. By GERALDINE CUMMINS. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Late Night on Watling Street. By BILL NAUGHTON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Professional or nothing – that's the evolved short story today, and professional in their various kinds these several collections are. They need to be: nothing is more fatiguing than watching a performance that isn't sure of itself. One might perhaps get away with blundering and faltering, feeling for the path, in a novel; never in this. Short story professionalism is not just a matter of a smart ending, though. A fair test might be that nothing reveals which came first, the writing or the idea – very much as in poetry.

Mr George Garrett, a new young American author, has all the technique of the national genre, but he also has something fresh and considerable to say. The stories in *King of the Mountain* deal, for the most part, with American adolescence and youth, or at least with scenes encountered in a far from sheltered life as a young man (like Mr Garrett) might look at them. These include, if we look through quickly, truck-driving, soldiering, family life, Princeton, professional boxing, lynching, a dip in bohemian waters, the private sports of an occupying army; what makes this writer different from the next clever observer, however, is his point of view about what he sees. Nothing remains, as it might, a two-dimensional picture. Sometimes the clash of generations, father and son (a favourite theme of the tales), cuts into a larger issue: this is shown quite brilliantly in the title story, about a son who has to look for motives behind a father's heroic behaviour – and so about heroism generally. Often a phrase will offer the key to a tale, though the context is rarely what one might expect. 'You never even know about innocence until you've lost it.' 'Nobody is going to push me around.' 'In this life you end up by being what other people think of you' (the words of the salesman father). 'You just *are* what they decide you are.' 'Sometimes a witness can become more strangely involved than an actor.' This in particular catches the very distinctive, often remarkable spirit of Mr Garrett's tales; he is himself both witness and involved. An edge-of-Kafka story called 'Comic Strip' about what seems to be a murder in a subway train, could be an image of Mr Garrett's own position.

The author of *The Trusting and the Maimed* is a Dublin Irishman writing about Ireland. We know this ground, its petty provincial scenes with the terrible Church, the Gaelic League, the factory owner on the one hand, the poor civil servants and schoolmasters, the troubled boys in confessional on the other; guilt, solitude and indecision; people clinging to an old idea. This isn't a man-and-woman's world, nor is it one with a future; money, jobs and ideas are the sources of hope or fear, loss or rage, the things that keep life moving – just. Yet the book has as a whole extraordinary quality. Mr Plunkett is a very good writer who knows the effects he wants, and achieves them the careful, long, deliberate way: no sleight of hand. This gives him time to explore the ground and fix it in our minds – a method shown at its best in an excellent story called 'The Wearin' of the Green'. (In this, a progressive young schoolmaster is defeated, after a long battle, by the clerical and financial powers; then, when he makes for freedom, his escape is ironically cut off by a time-bomb set by an 'innocent' of his own side, trying to do him a service.)

The odd thing about these tales is their time. The author was born, we are told, in 1920; but his shell-shocked fusilier and guilt-ridden watchman are both re-living the *First* World War. And others of the stories, though powerful and moving in their main effect, suddenly lean on details which are simply not admissible any more in an English setting. The sick man reveals the arms dump to the Black and Tans to get money for medical treatment. A little girl is pushed out into the cold by her mother to beg for bread – the Little Match Girl all over again. Perhaps this is Mr Plunkett's Ireland, perhaps not; in either case the reader is left, in an indescribable way, perplexed.

Variety Show is another Irish collection. Its author was also the biographer of Dr Somerville (of Somerville and Ross) and her tales have, one suspects, a good deal of the old Irish RM flavour. They are storyteller's stories, sad or macabre rural tragedies, social and professional comedies. Certain basic things remain the same in the Irish scene, of course. To get money or a practise (if you are a doctor, dentist or lawyer) you must either inherit it, marry it, or get it on the races. (Miss Cummins inclines to car rather than horse.) The tragedies are about loss by emigration, children going to the bad, the long fight to keep the land for a son who's dead or in gaol. Comedies are often about the attempts – by women as much as men – to escape from the prospect of marriage. There are other matters too. 'Oh, I suppose there are some holy people in Ireland', says a lady enthusiast for the Oxford Group, 'but those in England are so well connected.' An entertaining affair.

Late Night on Watling Street is quite a change after so much travelling. Still, most of us know what we read about rather better than what we see for ourselves, or even what we are; and this makes Mr Naughton, the one home-grown writer on the list, something of an exotic too. Life, or at any rate books and newspapers, have acquainted us well with his people, long-distance lorry drivers, lads in a Midlands factory, little Welsh girls on the London streets, courting couples breaking up for the last night tram, the small-scale English spiv. Mr Naughton is their sharp effective chronicler, missing none of the moods, and adding a considerable wry poetry of his own.

NAOMI LEWIS

Week-End Competition

No. 1,532 **Set by Red Setter**

Now that the hundredth season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, is under way, competitors are invited to suggest the Bard's comments in a Shakespearean sonnet. They may like to be reminded that *Love's Labours Lost* has just come on as a musical and that the Dryden/Davenant version of *The Tempest* has been showing at the Old Vic. Entries by Monday, 13 July.

Result of No. 1,529 **Set by L. Clarendon**

The Boilermakers' Union has just awarded a prize for a poem celebrating its 125th anniversary. It had to deal in some part with the work of the

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boilermaker. Competitors were asked to submit verses (limit 16 lines) hymning any one of the following: Institute of Directors, BMA, Equity, NUR, RIBA, WVS.

Report

Hymns are useless if they cannot be sung; and many competitors provided verses – sometimes blank verse – quite unsingable. Then one expected these hymns to be self-congratulatory in tone. Margot Crosse's lines on the WVS were:

They comforted the fish-and-chipless first evacuees,
Collected rose-hips, saucepans, wool from sheep.
Found wedding-gowns for brides, and served unending buns and teas,
And drove through raids when all they craved was sleep.

and Adelaide Francis's WVS hymn (to the tune 'Greenland's Icy Mountains') was splendidly so:

Life's Journey is made brighter for Darby and his Joan;
Life's burdens are made lighter for those who live so lone;
Life's Way has nobler meaning for young as well as old;
Life's courage is far stronger – inspired by hearts of Gold.

But one wanted self-congratulation to be a vehicle for irony, and I wasn't convinced that Mrs Francis achieved this. I thought P. W. R. Foot, with his hymn for the NUR – 'what you might call a little puff-puff', he said; and having asked for puns, we got them good and strong – did:

Diesel or steam, diesel or steam,
Men in one union work as a team;
Electrification, electrification –
Work on the railroads is work for the Nation;
Streamlined and old, streamlined and old –
Still run your trains through the fog and the cold;
Seldom a worry, seldom a car –
United as brothers in one NUR.

The RIBA had no hymnographers at all, Equity only one, and the Institute of Directors very few. The main targets were the WVS, BMA and NUR. Two guineas each to Hilary and Pasher, and a guinea to Rhoda Tuck Pook. But R. Kennard Davis with his

Come, take up your stations, good Railwaymen all,
For 'Dinner is signalled' the plate-layers call.
And first wet your whistles (with porter, no doubt)
Then open your throttles and utter a shout
For our glorious Union, and cheer once again
For the manifold blessings it brings in its train.
Its platform is strong, its officials are sound,
Determined to see you're not shunted around.

nearly made it.

Because we have not feared to hold
Dominion over this and that:
Because we wear *The Times*, a rolled
Umbrella and a bowler hat:
Because we never mow the lawn
Or make our bed or press our trews:
Because we drive to Town and scorn
Such transport as our hirelings use:
Because we draw our dividends
Harvesting where we have not sown:
Because we use for private ends
The public wealth that all men own:
Because we too are self-appointed,
Self-elected, self-anointed,
Lord God of Stocks and Shares, protect us
And smile upon Thy co-directors!

HILARY

mf Do no public action
cr Sign no published word,
f Reputable doctors
Neither seen nor (*dim*) heard.

mf Writings journalistic
f Might increase your fame
And your (*p*) private practice,
So withhold your name.

p All the vile temptations
Of the ITA
cr Must be spurned by children
f Of the BMA.

mf Ethical behaviour
f Is its own reward,
Reputable doctors,
dim Servants of the Board.

PASHER

Here's to the green battalions, in peace and in war the same,
All are former prefects, each a potential Dame;
With competence maternal and vigilance eternal
Big Sister's watching you!

Thanks to the green battalions humanity stands at ease
Facing flood or famine or foot-and-mouth disease;
Whatever your dilemma, whether ack or pip the emma,
Big Sister's watching you!

Girls of the green battalions are never at loss to cope,
Organising, soothing or iollying up with hope,
And always, in the distance, just in case you need assistance,
Big Sister's watching you!

Cheers for the green battalions who willingly, day or night,
Docket, sort and file you and speedily put you right;
Although they try your patience you won't dodge their ministrations –
Big Sister's watching you!

RHODA TUCK POOK

It's time you savoured the deep contentment of
GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK HONEYDEW

a blend of fine tobaccos . . . sweet smoking . . . long lasting . . . so happily contrived that it will grow in your affection.

4/11 PER OZ · 9/9 PER 2 O
(ROUND TINS)

FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

City Lights

Marriages a la Mode

It was to Alcoa, the world's largest aluminium producer but a nice, unpushing fellow, that Lord Portal tried to marry British Aluminium. Alcoa, its connubial instincts thwarted as soon as roused by the boisterous intervention of Reynolds Metals and Tube Investments, has since then been anxiously looking for some other nice English company to woo: it has found ICI. The match, they both assure us, is based on mutual and spontaneous affection. ICI, yearning for a strong aluminium partner, had singled out Alcoa long before Lord Portal made his proposal; once the British Aluminium episode was done with, the two approached one another and found each other of the same mind. They are now to set up a joint holding company on the usual respectable pattern – ICI having a majority of the shares and directors – and to produce aluminium together. ICI already has some experience in the matter. Chemicals may be its main interest, but it has a large division concerned with fabricating various non-ferrous metals; the copper section has already been reorganised and the aluminium section is now to be reorganised in turn. It has an aluminium plant near Swansea, which was set up to help Lord Beaverbrook in the war and which now turns out a range of semi-fabricated products, about eight per cent of the country's total; this plant, recently modernised, is to be transferred to the new holding company, and Alcoa's technical experts are to give it their full treatment.

British consumption of aluminium is still low by American standards and the eagerness of the big North American producers to find outlets abroad has been aggravated by the present surplus of aluminium capacity. Alcan already controls

Northern Aluminium; Reynolds Metals now has its share in British Aluminium, both of which control about a quarter of the British market and have launched ambitious expansion programmes. Alcoa must have realised that it could not afford to ignore this development; ICI that its aluminium interests could not survive long without an American backer.

* * *

Harrods, by contrast, is being courted luridly and brutally enough to make old Forsyte shudder for his successors. There are – so far – four characters involved. There is Harrods itself: the near-Knightsbridge store, which combines old-fashioned service so profitably with efficiency and mixes snob-appeal with advertisements on the sides of London buses, accounts for half the group's profits; but it also includes Dickins & Jones, D. H. Evans, and a number of provincial stores, together with an ambitious new building in Birmingham which has yet to be paid for. Next, Debenhams, an amalgam of department stores which includes, besides Debenham & Freebody, Woollands, Harvey Nichols, Bradleys, Swan & Edgar, and nearly 100 less distinguished others over the country. Third, House of Fraser, a chain of drapery stores built up by Hugh Fraser on the basis of the family business through take-over bids, which two years ago acquired Barkers and with it Pontings and Derry & Toms. Fourth, United Drapery, a collection of chains (the best-known are John Collier, *né* Fifty Shilling Tailors, Alexandre, and Richard Shops), with a few department stores thrown in.

The background to the affair is the fact that department stores have been expanding much less rapidly than the chains since the war and seem likely – given the cost of the services in which they specialise – to go on expanding less rapidly in the future; many of them are Victorian family shops grown big, and death duties have worked with the value of their sites to make them vulnerable to bids. Harrods, it is generally agreed is as well managed as such a store can be, but there have been intermittent bid-rumours for years past, and the other day the board announced that it had received merger proposals. House of Fraser and Debenhams seemed the obvious suitors; in fact, House of Fraser announced at once that it had put in proposals, Debenhams announced the next day that it had been discussing a merger long before House of Fraser appeared on the scene and had put in a firm offer. The board of Harrods duly met and unanimously decided to recommend the Debenhams offer, the terms of which certainly seemed more attractive – until Debenhams shares began to go down in the market and House of Fraser shares to go up. Then United Drapery came in with a much more attractive proposal than either, Harrods shares shot up, and the market is only waiting to see whether anyone else can be induced to join in.

Mr Fraser has half-promised to put in a better offer than his original proposal. The common assumption in the City is that he can afford to bid high because he is ready – as in the case of Barkers, for which he also paid a great deal – to sell off any property which he considers superfluous, while Debenhams and Draperies will merely integrate Harrods into their own businesses. It is also commonly assumed that Debenhams was brought in to keep off Fraser and that Draperies will be accepted reluctantly as second favourite if Fraser puts up his bid and Debenhams cannot afford to follow. Mr Collier of Draperies openly admits that he has come in only to keep Fraser out. The interesting point is that the war between the giants has now reached a stage where, for the sake of frustrating each other, they are ready to pay an uneconomic price for the few large independent groups which still remain.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 503. Brilliancy Prize Confounded

To have achieved what looks like a well-deserved brilliancy prize and then to have it snatched away by the Jury's discovery that the victim could have saved himself after all – that must be a galling experience. It happened to Vidmar after his win over Yates at London, 1922.

(1) P-Q4,P-Q4; (2) P-QB4,P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3,Kt-KB3; (4) B-Kt5, B-K2; (5) P-K3,O-O; (6) Kt-B3,QKt-Q2; (7) R-B1,P-B3; (8) PxP,KPxP; (9) B-Q3 B-Kt2; (10) O-O,P-B4; (11) Q-K2,P-B5; (12) B-Kt1,P-QR3; (13) Kt-K5,P-Kt4; (14) P-B4,Kt-K5; (15) BxKt, PxB; (16) KtxKt,QxKt; (17) BxB,QxB; (18) P-B5!,P-B3; (19) R-B4,QR-Q1; (20) QR-KB1,KR-K1; (21) R-R4,Q-B2; (22) P-QR3, R-K2; (23) R(1)-B4,R(1)-K1; (24) Q-Kt4,B-B3; (25) P-Q5!,B-Kt2. [If he took the P he would be annihilated by (26) RxRP KxR; (27) Q-R3 ch,K-Kt1; (28) R-R4,K-B1; (29) R-R8 ch,Q-Kt1; (30) KtxB etc]; (26) Q-R3,P-R3; (27) R(B4)-Kt4,K-R2; (28) KtxKP, Q-B1; (29) KtxP ch, QxKt; (30) R-Kt6,Q-B1? (QxKtP!); (31) Q-Kt4!,Q-B2 [forced to guard against the threat of R(6)xP ch]; (32) Q-Kt5,K-R1; (33) P-B6,QxQP; (34) RxP ch, resigns. [But Yates shouldn't have been afraid of (30) . . . QxKtP; it looks suicidal, but it would have saved him after (31) R(4)xP ch,K-Kt1; (32) R-R8 ch,K-B2; (33) RxP ch, QxR; (34) Q-R5 ch,K-B3; (35) R-R6 ch,QxR; (36) QxQ ch,KxP etc.]

I took this from *Handbuch der Schacheröffnungen*, by Rolf Schwarz, published by Schach-Archiv, Hamburg at D.M. 9.80. This 1st vol. (with presumably a good many to follow) merely deals with the orthodox Q-Gambit Declined, and what with 320 copiously diagrammed pages and almost innumerable variations and sub-variations devoted to that one line of the QP game (and a fairly 'old-fashioned' one at that), this must be as near fully comprehensive treatment as anything can be in the amazing variety of opening theory. What I like about the book is the well picked collection of 125 vividly annotated games. Here (Taimanov-Kotov, Zurich, 1953) is a fine example of solid advantage derived from the opening and exploited in a beautifully co-ordinated attack on both wings.

(1) P-Q4,P-Q4; (2) P-QB4,P-K3; (3) Kt-KB3,Kt-KB3; (4) Kt-QB3,B-Kt5; (5) PxP,PxP; (6) Q-R4 ch,Kt-B3; (7) B-Kt5,P-KR3; (8) BxKt,QxB; (9) P K3,O-O; (10) B-K2,B-K3; (11) O-O,P-R3; (12) KR-B1,B-Q3; (13) Q-Q1,Kt-K2; (14) Kt-QR4,P-QKt3; (15) Kt-B3,KR-Q1; (16) Q-B1,P-B3; (17) Kt-QR4 [systematically weakening the Black Q-wing],KR-Kt1; (18) R-B3,P-QR4; (19) R(1)-B1,B-Q2; (20) P-QR3,Kt-Kt3; (21) B-Q3,Q-K3; (22) Q-Q1, B-B2; (23) Q-B2,Kt-K2; (24) R-K1! [having lured all Black pieces on to the defence of the Q-wing White now threatens to start shaking up the other wing by P-K4; and to stop it Black must weaken his K-wing too],P-B4; (25) P-QKt4,PxP; (26) PxP,B-Q3; (27) R-Kt1,P-QKt4; (28) Kt-B5,BxKt; (29) RxB,R-R5; (30) Kt-K5, R(1)-QR1; (31) Q-K2,B-K1; (32) Q-B3,R-R8; (33) R(3)-B1,RxR; (34) RxR,P-Kt3; (35) P-R4,K-Kt2; (36) Q-Kt3,Q-Q3; (37) P-B4, P-R4; (38) B-K2,R-R5; (39) B-Q1! [Kotov had hoped for BxRP which could have been refuted by . . . RxP etc.],RxP; (40) R-R1!, Kt-B1; (41) R-R8,Q-K3; (42) BxP,K-B1; (43) BxP,BxB; (44) KtxB ch,K-K1; (45) Kt-K5,K-Q1; (46) Q-Kt7,R-R5; (47) R-Kt8, P-B4; (48) R-Kt7, resigns.

A is held over. For 6 ladder-points **B** should be easy enough even for near-beginners, and quite instructive too. It's a win for White, same as **C** which is none too easy for 7 points and quite a beauty. Usual prizes. Entries by 13 July.

B: Henri Rinck: 8/3Ktp3/7P/1p3P2/1k6/5K2/1b6/8/.
C: B. A. Sacharov, 1958: /8/r2p4/1pk5/2PR4/8/1K5b/8/7B/.

REPORT on No. 500. Set 13 June

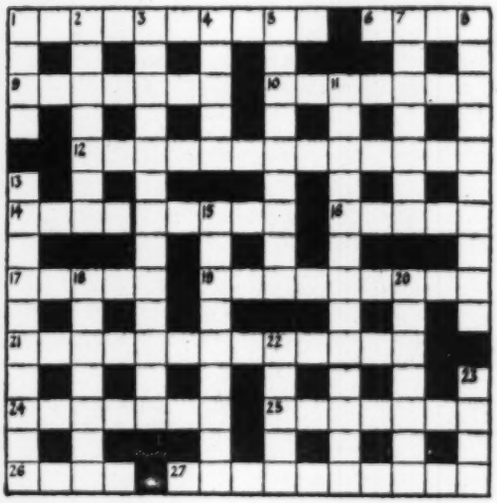
A: (1) . . . KtxP??; (2) QxKt,BxKt; (3) Q-K4 etc.
B: (1) K-Kt6,P-R6; (2) P-R6 P-R7; (3) P-R7,P=Q; (4) P=Q ch!,QxQ; (5) P-B6,P-R6; (6) P-K5,Q-R5 stalemate
f (5) . . . P-K4; (6) P-R3,QxP ch; (7) KxQ stalemate
But (4) P-B6?? is refuted by . . . Q-Kt8 ch etc.
C: (1) R-KKt1,PxP (forced); (2) R-R2 ch,R-R4; (3) R(1)-KR1, R-R4 ch; (4) K-Kt6,R-Kt4 ch; (5) K-B6,R-B4 ch; (6) KxP, R-Q4 ch; (7) K-K6,R-K4 ch; (8) K-B7! etc.
But (8) KxP?? would give Black a perpetual.

Quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. P. Furmston, R. J. Harman, R. Hayward, M. B. Yeats. Many kind wishes 'for the next 500' are sincerely appreciated.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 360

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 360, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 13 July.



ACROSS

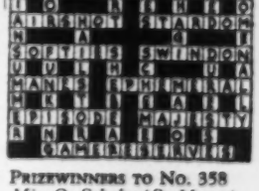
1. This is saying nothing new, but possibly Pam is a girl (10).
6. Repeat after me the name of a bird (4).
9. Kind of cycle which provides me with something refreshing (7).
10. A rebuff concerning the seeds (7).
12. Sailor graduates call a riner (13).
14. Dainties and a mixed company (4, 5).
16. Place for fighting in a spare naval vessel (5).
17. 'In action how like an ——' (*Hamlet*) (5).
19. A railway town even has a platform round it (9).
21. Unselfish, passed away without a shilling profit (13).
24. Explanation comes before work in Derbyshire (7).
25. Something on the shore produces dread in the tennis-player (7).
26. Run for the line (4).
27. Women incorporated in cupboards (10).

DOWN

1. Am no longer in bed put up as an animal (4).
2. Kipps exists without 'em for a goddess (7).
3. Is murder in pubs the answer for the troops? (13).
4. Be sorry about a decoration as frilling (5).
5. A lot of pushing types (9).
7. Instrument for weighing what is left over (7).
8. The bird shows there was a river meandering (10).
11. Piece of feminine self-indulgence from the frozen sea? (9, 4).
13. Players grow old in Arsenal's colours and are given medical treatment (10).
15. Disease in which, finally I take my course without the member (9).
18. Frenchmen like to study in grammar school (7).
20. Destination of writing or speech (7).
22. Where to eat in Germany? (5).
23. Poems the unpretentious have at heart (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 358



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 358
Miss O. Scholes (St Mawes)
W. J. L. Severn (Worcester)
M. Collins (North Wembley)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch.
N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ESSEX

Applications are invited for the post of EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST for full-time two team clinic at Ilford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale.

Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

IF PART-TIME IS ALL YOU CAN MANAGE, we can offer you:

(a) A political organisation;
(b) A welfare organisation;
(c) An insurance broker;
(d) A playwright.

Good shorthand and typing are necessary.
THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.

GOVERNMENT of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies: Statisticians: Central African Statistical Office: Ministry of Economic Affairs. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons or persons expecting to qualify in June/July 1959 for appointment as Statisticians in the Central African Statistical Office. Preference will be given to applicants who possess a University degree with first or second class honours (or equivalent qualification) in Statistics, Economics or Mathematics. Applications from persons who have passed approved Statistical Society examinations will be considered. Commencing Salary in the Scales £700–£1,650 p.a. for men and £630–£1,330 p.a. for women, will depend upon qualifications, approved previous experience and/or approved National Service. Highest commencing salary £1,250 p.a. men and £930 p.a. women. Application forms and further details from the Secretary (R), Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, WC2. Closing date 18 July.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Staff Tutor. Applications are invited for the position of Staff Tutor in the Department of Tutorial Classes. Candidates should be graduates in Arts or Economics with honours in Psychology, Anthropology, Education, Political Science, Economics or Economic History and should have had some previous experience of adult education work. Experience in methods and planning of social surveys or in adult education work with trade unions would be an advantage. Salary will be within the range of £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 p.a. plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 8 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureship and Lectureships in English Literature or English Language. Applications are invited for the above posts. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 × 80–£2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 × 90 – £2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applics. close, in Australia and London, on 1 August, 1959.

AN ARCHITECT with a taste for good living and mountain air, and with considerable ability to interpret and develop sketch designs, with a few years' practical experience and a bright, resilient temperament, is invited to apply for a post in Lausanne to work on hospital projects for West Africa. A maximum salary equivalent to approximately £1,500 p.a. is offered. At the same time three young, enthusiastic, qualified (if only recently) architects who are good draughtsmen and are prepared to work for periods at high pressure, are invited to apply for posts as architectural assistants in London to assist on working drawings both for hospitals referred to above and other general projects in West Africa. A minimum salary of £700 p.a. is offered. In all cases the salary agreed will depend on qualifications, experience and ability. The London posts offer the future opportunity of a tour of duty in West Africa to suitable people. Interested architects should apply in writing stating which post they are interested in, to: William F. Vetter, and Kenneth Scott Associates, Architects, 154 Shepherds Bush Rd., Lond., W6.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Lecturer in History I. Applications are invited from graduates with Honours in History or Classics for the position of Lecturer in Prehistory and Ancient History in the Department of History. Applicants should preferably have some academic training in prehistoric archaeology. The successful applicant will be required to teach both internal and external students and would be expected to take up duty preferably not later than mid-February 1960. Salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 plus cost of living allowance. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 September, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureships (2) in History. Applications are invited for the above posts. The Lecturers will be primarily responsible for teaching at the newly-established Waikato University College at Hamilton. One Lecturer will be required to teach mainly European History (19th and 20th centuries) and one the history of New Zealand. The salary scale for each position is £1,025 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1 275 per annum. Commencing salary within this scale will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. University salaries in New Zealand are at present under review. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 July, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureships (2) in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. The Lecturers will be primarily responsible for teaching at the newly-established Waikato University College at Hamilton. The salary scale for each position is £1,025 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary within this scale will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. University salaries in New Zealand are at present under review. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq London, WC1. Applic close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 July, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Applications are invited for the Noel Buxton Studentship in Race Relations which provides a stipend of £500 per annum for two years as from 1 October, 1959. The object of this studentship is to promote knowledge and study of race relations. The person appointed to it will be required to undertake and complete a piece of research in race relations under the supervision of the Head of the Department of Social Anthropology. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the University, University of Edinburgh, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh, with whom applications should be lodged not later than 14 July, 1959. Candidates are required to state the nature of their interest in race relations, to provide full particulars of their academic careers, and to give the names of two referees. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

DERBYSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologists. There are two vacancies for Educational Psychologists to work mainly in the South and South-East of the County. These are permanent full-time posts on Soulbury Grade II, at present £1,207 10s. 0d. (for man) or £1,168 10s. 0d (for women), rising to £1,470. Suitably qualified men and women, preferably having a good Honours Degree in Psychology, or equivalent, with recognised clinical training and experience of educational and child guidance work, are invited to obtain further particulars from the Director of Education, to whom a completed application form should be returned by 10 July. J. L. Longland, Director of Education, County Offices, Matlock.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Librarian at the Saxondale Hospital, Radcliffe, Notts. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and/or possess appropriate qualifications in social science. Salary £610–£765 per annum. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham, to whom applications should be submitted as soon as possible. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons to undertake community care work in a developing Mental Health Service which includes regular case conferences with a Consultant Psychiatrist and close co-operation with the Mental Hospitals in the area. App forms and further particulars from County Medical Officer, County Hall, Hertford, quoting N8.

ARCHITECTS' Co-Partnership requires Secretary, 21-28. Pleas. atmosphere, good salary, L.V.'s. Hrs 9.30-6, no Sats. Holiday honoured. Plase write 44 Charlotte St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant for its Arabic Service, Audience Research Section in London. Work involves study of large volume of listeners' letters mostly in Arabic from all parts of the Arab World. Duties include translating, answering and analysing letters, and also analysing and helping to draft reports on questionnaires. Good Arabic and English and ability to write well and fluently essential. Applicants should be generally well informed, have an aptitude for working systematically and for handling information and selecting significant items. Ability to read the handwriting used in different parts of the Arab World an advantage. Salary £935 rising by five annual increments to £1,185 p.a. max. Initial appointment might be at lower grade with prospects of later promotion, if no fully qualified candidate is available. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting (reference G.1161 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Children's Visitor. Applicants should hold a degree, social science diploma and/or the Home Office Certificate for Child Care Officers. Salary in accordance with Grade APT I—£610 x 30 (4) x 35 to £765 p.a. plus Birmingham Temporary Excess Rate of £20 p.a. Commencing salary not less than £670 plus £20 p.a. Additional increment for Child Care Certificate Further particulars from Children's Officer, 91, Lionel St, Birmingham, 3. PO Box 93. Closing date for applications —13 July, 1959.

CITY of Plymouth. Second Advertisement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the appointment of Senior Child Care Officer on grade APT II (at present £725-£845 p.a.). This is a new post and the officer appointed will be responsible for the supervision of the work of the Child Care Officers and the adoption placing duties under The Adoption Act, 1958, which the Council has decided to undertake. Forms of application may be obtained from The Children's Officer (3), Municipal Offices, Lockyer Street, Plymouth, to whom they should be returned within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

DEPUTY Warden over the age of 20 years required at the Bedfordshire County Council Hostel for maladjusted children situated at Leighton Buzzard. Salary scale (at present under review) £400 x £20 – £480, less £116 per annum for board, lodging and laundry. Post superannuable. The work will consist of assisting the Warden and Matron in the ordinary care of 15 children between the ages of 5 and 15 in a pleasant homely atmosphere. Application forms and further information from the Principal School Medical Officer, Phoenix Chambers, High Street, Bedford, to whom they should be returned with names & addresses of 2 refs.

FAMILY Caseworkers (experienced). The Birmingham Council of Social Service invites applications from qualified social workers with experience in Family Casework for a position of responsibility with its Personal Service Committee. Interesting post with scope for development. Superannuation Scheme. Salary according to experience and professional scale. Apply in writing to The Secretary, 161 Corporation Street, Birmingham 4.

SMALL School for Maladjusted Boys aged 9-16 requires a married couple to act as Houseparents. Genuine interest in the problems of emotionally disturbed boys essential. Responsible post for the right couple. Joint salary £600-£700 a year, in addition to full residential emoluments. Apply: The Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

A BOARDING school for Maladjusted children requires a competent woman to act as Secretary to Warden and to accept responsibility for internal administration, including some bookkeeping. 6 weeks holiday; salary according to age and experience. Apply giving names of two referees to Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

ST John's and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St. John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St. John's Hospital, a Mental Hospital with 860 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

SPRINGFIELD Hospital, London, SW17, required, clerical and secretarial staff. This is an opportunity to participate in the interesting work of an expanding Mental Health Service. Phone BAL 1026 for appointment or write to The Secretary, Springfield Hospital, Upper Tooting, London, SW17.

INFORMATION Officer required with good knowledge of social services. Duties include work amongst West Indian immigrants. Salary according to ability and qualifications within scale rising from £785 p.a. to £910 p.a. Application form obtainable from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Hackney, E8, returnable by 14 July, 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Talks Producer, Pacific Service, External Services (British subject). Duties include formulation of ideas, production of talks, talks features and other programmes in English for Australia and New Zealand. Essential qualifications: sound educational backbround, good general knowledge, appreciation of the spoken word, imaginative approach to Sound radio production, genuine interest in people of all kinds and ability to handle them with tact. Knowledge and experience of areas to which the Service is directed and understanding of their peoples and tastes desirable. Interest in sport an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing address envelope and quoting reference G.1163 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

PART-time shorthand typist required by social work agency. Hours by arrangement, Monday–Friday. Apply: Family Service Unit, 47 Nelson Square, SE1. Tel. WAT 5357.

BRITISH Film Institute rquires officer to initiate and take charge of selection and acquisition of recorded television programmes. Creative opportunity for applicant with administrative ability, judgment, good educational background. Salary £640 rising on scale to £875. Superannuation scheme. Apply Curator, National Film Archive, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2.

LADY required for international centre in Kensington. No routine work but tact, initiative and enthusiasm essential. Knowledge of French, German &/or Italian valuable assets Mornings only. Fascinating job for right person. Age secondary consideration. Box 9538.

WANTED for West End Bookshop secretary saleswoman, age 20–25, good education and appearance essential. Preference will be given to candidates with first-rate knowledge of French. Long hours, hard work, 5½ day week, salary above average but prospects very good for anyone capable of taking responsibility. Apply Box 9516

SECRETARY, over 18, preferably with literary tastes and capable of acting as Personal Assistant. Salary to £9 10s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Trade Union office. Interesting work requiring good speeds. 5-day week. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. Leave arrangements for this year will be honoured. Scale of pay £9 10s. by 5s. increments to £10 10s. per week. Apply by telephone CHA 2991 for appointment.

VEGETARIAN Clerical Assistant reqd by the London Vegetarian Society. Shorthand/typing essential. Five-day week. Write with partics to Secretary, 53 Marloes Road W8.

ASSISTANT, part or full time, for interviewing typing, etc. Good personality essential. Pleasant lively office. Central London. Salary, Commission. Box 9501.

PEPYS Diary. Did find in Holborn (114 next to Gamages) the Winifred Johnson Bureau, where all the best wenches go. HOL. 0390.

FAMILY Service Units require a Secretary/shorthand-typist. 5-day, 35-hour week, free lunches, 3 weeks holiday. Progressive and rewarding position for person interested in pioneer Social Service work. Apply 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

SHORTHAND Typists required in Stratford. E15 district. Near Central Line Station. Good conditions in modern building. 40-hr week. Salary up to £500 p.a. according to proficiency. Write Box 9429.

ARMY School of Signals, Catterick, Yorks. Lecturers (male). One post graded as Head of Department and three posts of Senior Lecturer. One post is in Mathematics and Physics and three posts are in Telecommunications. Age normally at least 30 unless exceptionally well qualified. At least second class honours in Mathematics or Physics, or in Electrical Engineering or other relevant subject with experience of two of the following fields: Telecommunications, Electronic Engineering, Computers and Electronic data transmission. Salary scales: (a) £1,470–£1,680; (b) £1,417–£1,627. Starting salary under Burnham conditions. Teachers' Superannuation. Candidates should be available to take up duty by 1.10.59. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4998/59. Closing date 14 July, 1959.

SOCIAL worker required by expanding Old People's Welfare Association in South London. Wide variety of welfare services undertaken, need for personal casework increasing. Part-time clerical assistance. Salary £520 p.a. Application in writing to: Miss Hargreaves, 380 New Cross Road, SE14.

CAPABLE accountant required, unqualified. 3 days per week, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Wages, books up to trial balance. 150 staff. Write, stating salary, to R. N. Bragg, 105 Tulse Hill, SW2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED woman teacher, First cl. Eng. Hons., free Sept. for interesting post, pref. advanced class or individual tuition. Drama. London. Box 9393.

YNG lady grad. sks interesting work July, August, poss. longer. Box 9410.

AUSTRALIAN (26) BA, Dip. Social Studies; wishes job Europe Oct.-Feb. while husband studies; tackle anything. Write 1262 Wm Porteous & Co., Glasgow.

PERSONAL

LIVELY & intelligent baby brother & sister sk foster home pref. within 30 miles London. Every assistance from father. Box 9497.

GERMAN girl student, 18, seeks job 'au pair' about 25 July to 25 August. Barbel Schoning Peter-Schnellbachstrasse 23, Neckargemund, near Heidelberg Germany.

SWISS girl, 29 teacher of needlework, wants to spend 2 months with English family as help and p.g. mid-August. Anita Frischknecht, Letzigraben 5, Zurich 3.

WRITER'S family, one child, seeks mothers' help 5–6 weeks Cambridge & London. Full details and, if possible, snapshot (returnable). Box 9465.

GERMAN girl (16) seeks accommodation 'au pair' for nine months. Fluent English. Would help with children or housework. Available for interview London. Box 9526.

AUSTRIAN girl 16 reliable & practical seeks 'au-pair' position in Engl. family with children. 15 July to beg. Sept. Dr Steiner, General Keyes-str. 16, Salzburg.

MAN (37) seeks companions for October holiday. Box 9496.

DO you require a Mortgage? Personal and confidential service offered by an expert. Write Box 9528.

ON Lake Garda, in olive grove, English lady lets comfortably furnished ground floor flat, double and single bedroom, living room, services 40 gns monthly. Apply 'Marlisa', Torri del Benaco (Verona).

SCHOOLMASTER early 40's sks compan. (m.) for walking Lake District late July/Aug. or join party going Continent. Box 9541.

MAN (40) seeks holiday companion (m.); co-driver; touring Scotland. 2 weeks from end August. Box 9540.

AMSTERDAM holiday accommodation, old city riverside, 4-room flat, fully equipped. Sleeps three, vacant 20 July–10 August, £10 a week. Apply Dr de Sterke, Kerkstr. 461, Amsterdam, Holland.

SCHOOLMASTER, needs holiday work. Any kind. Keep only. Box 9451.

MAN 39 sks hol. comp. (m) any fortnight till 21 Sept. home/abroad. Box 9403.

FUN, chaos. Who with good sense humour will help move family 6 children to Thames riverside bungalow? General help family chores; responsible; good swimmer essential. 10 weeks from mid-July. Box 9495.

YOUNG man (33), car-owner, seeks companion (m.) for holiday August (1st half) Tour Britain? Share exps. Box 9344.

HOLIDAY – p/time s/typing in exchange board and accom. – 2–3 wks. Box 9368.

UNDERGRADUATE sks lucrative vacation employment. Anything, anywhere. Box 9381.

MY Grand and I (m) seek flat/part flat where piano, practice and beer-parties no objection. Central. Box 9359.

SCOT (m, 29) interested books, theatre, Ingmar Bergman films, wishes companion (m) for a holiday, home or abroad. Box 9360.

PROF. writer, honours grad., can take more literary assistance work. History, economics, sociology, technical. Rewriting and preparation for publn. Confidential. Box 9375.

POOR publishers, new literary magazine, want room, central. Box 9133.

PIANO for sale, Gors & Kallmann, upright' £80 or offer. Middleton, 45a Goldhawk Rd, W12. SHE. 6369 (day only).

11+ Experienced teacher (BA Hons.) offers Individual Correspondence Course. Knight, West Lulworth, Dorset.

25–45 age group. Exclusive new discussion circle, ethical approach non-sectarian, invites enquiries. Box 9488.

50 to 1500 books from MS at low cost by print-like IBM typing; all binding styles. Broadacre Books, Morley St, Bradford 7.

WRITERS—Literary investigations, research in social sciences, arts, undertaken by Oxonian. Terms mod. Refs. Tel WES. 2451.

SUNBATHING is nicer without clothes in lovely Herts woodland: games courts, new 22ft x 60ft swimming pool, large comfortable clubhouse. Write 'Fivacres', NS/43, 330 Green Lanes, N4.

ORIGINAL paintings at below reproduction prices. 500 works by English masters of last 150 years from 10s. to £10. Lists recently issued included works by Aldridge, Bevan, Bone, Bunbury, Burne-Jones, Clausen, Cruickshank, Cristall, Du Maurier, Eurich, Fielding, Flaxman, Gill, Hearne, Gwen John, Augustus John, Keene, Laura Knight, Leighton, Leech, Meninsky, Mathuen, Millais, Nicholson, Pocock, Pryde, Pinwell, Poynter, Rowlandson, Rossetti, Skeaping, Tuke, Tonks, Turner & Ethel Walker. Please write for lists to Holder, 73 Castelnau, Barnes, SW13.

HAVE you a Grasshopper Mind? A mind that nibbles at everything and masters nothing. Pelmanism will enable you to concentrate and develop your mental powers generally. Write for a free copy of 'The Science of Success', which describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, W1. WEL 1411.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? Ask Phonetic Alph. Assocn., 80 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

PERSONAL—continued

CAMPAIGN against rocket bases in Northants and Suffolk. Volunteers and donations urgently needed. Details from Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4. 'Phone: STA 7062.

OFFSET-litho printing & reproduction. Text in print-style type. Stencil duplcting. Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN 9893.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday courses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No deposit. Burmerlea Book Sales Ltd (Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1.

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

INTELLIGENCE. May we test yours? Mensa needs more very bright people for postal research panel. 9" x 4". s.a.e.: MSA, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Rd, Rainham, Essex.

WE meet to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know tha this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

I WAS driving in circles all afternoon, looking for you. That little road is shown on the National Benzole Road Map. So please return my set, or buy me another – 7s. 6d. for six maps, at any 'National' station.

WANTED: Spanish Linguaphone records, good cond. Price: Burns, 479 Eccles New Rd, Salford 5, Lancs. or Pen. 5211/2.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

HOLIDAY Help. Foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. AC Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN 1586.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HAS 'Ernie' missed your bond once more? Your pipe – 'Tom Long' – and spirits soar.

ANTHONY Panting is still printing, developing and taking photographs at 30 Abbey Gdns., NW8. Ring MAI 3200 for appointment.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dep E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL 6655 for details.

TEENAGE Holidays. Summer Drama Schools. Seven-day Courses Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, starting 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug. Chanticleer Theatre, London, starting 9 Aug. and 17 Aug (Five Course). Professional Stage Staff. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Syllabus from Director: Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon, SW. WIM 2161.

BOOK Manuscripts, fiction, juvenile, poetry and general, invited for early publication. Royalty and authors' property agreements issued. Reasonable terms. Golden Pegasus Books Ltd. (Dept. P.38), 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA 4354.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books Box 8524.

FOREIGN girls domest./willing avail (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. & offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. SW7. KEN 8806.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Ashley College. GER 8782.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

AVAIL. 15/30 Aug. beautiful edn flat (2) nr stn. Heath, NW11. 6 gns wk incl. tel., gas, elec., frig. MEA 2307. Box 9474.

NR Belsize Park Station, beautiful, large, single b/s room. PRImrose 0488.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

SHARE cent.-heated, furn. good flat with prof. wom., suit couple. AMB 1363.

SUNNY furnished divan room, gas ring, share bathroom. 45s. MOU 5916.

BED-sit. rm, comfortable, cklg recess, priv. house, Hampstead Gdn Sub. SPE 7684.

ATTRACTIVE modern flat at bus stop, near Heath; newly furnished light walls & paint, easily managed, pleasant views, telephone, refrigerator, linen, china, etc. Large sitting room with 2 divans; kitchen-dining; bathroom and separate w.c. Some service available. 5½ gns. PUTney 3415.

DIVAN room to let in graduate's house. Cooking facilities. £2 p.w. CAN 2143.

DORMER bedsitter for lady in friendly house Ealing nr tubes. Heat, light, linen, baths all inclusive £2 p.w. Vacant end July. EAL 4352 or Box 9444.

W. HAMP. Comf. rs in young people's house. All conveniences. Suit man. Rent 57s. 6d p.w. Also flatlet 70s. Phone SWI 3099.

P. HILL Fields. B/s, perm., temp., gas fire, ring, share kit./bath. GUL. 7890.

VISITORS to London should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Central, pleasant. Bed & Breakfast Double 30s. Single 17s. 6d. Phone BAYswater 5985.

TO let: fully furn. self-contained garden flat, St John's Wood. Hall, 2 rooms, kitchen bathroom, sep. w.c. Long let preferred. 6½ gns. p.w. Tel. MAlda Vale 7506.

LARGE bed-sitter, use kit. & bthrm. in prof. woman's flat. W9. CUN 3531.

FOR flat-sharing try Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS 0512.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board, 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Single rooms. Write to Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, NW1.

2½ YEARS lease of large, isolated cottage, sea 15 miles, London 50. £150. Rent & rates £1 p.w. Details: Lindsay, BAY 7704, 5–6 p.m.

REMOTE Somerset cottage to let, sleep 6, 13 July–16 August. All mod. cons. 6 gns per week inclusive. Box 9514.

FURNISHED peaceful caravan & cottage S. Devon, attractive safe beach. McGuffie, Lannacombe, Kingsbridge.

4-ROOMED holiday cottage on own land, Shropshire hills, 15 August onwards. 4 guineas. Tradesmen facilities. Cambridge 2939.

EXCELLENT walking country. Chalet in private grounds to let furn. July, Aug., Sept. 4 gns. Bell, Farley Green, Guildford.

CORNWALL. W. Looe River. Furn. hol. cott., also bungalow. Shallowpool, nr Looe.

FURN. cottage alone in quiet valley 2½ miles from Thames in Berkshire. 5 gns. p.w. Two people only. Box 9473.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TWO-rmd s/c flat NW3/NW11 for 2 young women, prof. Gay but civilised. Box 9436.

WOMAN school teacher requires s/c. flat, pref. unfurnished, North or Central London, from beginning August. Box 9525.

STUDIO, approx. 30 x 20 ft and workrooms required for industrial & advertising photography. Quiet backwater reasonably nr central area preferred. Easy parking essential. Dr H. Zinram, FRPS, AIBP, 6 Wellington Place, London, NW8. PRImrose 7036, after hours CUNningham 1870.

MALE music student requires accom. with family, St John's Wood area. Box 9482.

FRENCH woman writer seeks room & board in country house 20 July–20 August. Absolute quiet essential especially mornings. Real comfort. English conversation. Box 9508.

WANTED small cottage with mains, reach London, rent/buy on terms. Box 9475.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOUSE PARTY HOLIDAYS

(31 July to 7 September.) You and your family will enjoy an informal house party by the sea in Norfolk, Cornwall or Sussex with amenities for all sports, social activities, foreign language practice and child supervision. Costs from 8½ gns., special terms for children.

ERNA LOW
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7
KEN 8881–4

THE LAST 5%!

Harold Ingham, to his own surprise, has still 7 places vacant from 150 reservations made for 5 parties of 30 to visit the Salzburg Festival and Vienna with tickets for 5 Festival performances included at 45 gns. Departures 26 July, 2, 9, 16, 23 August. Sleepers and couchettes can definitely be provided on request.
Immediate application essential to:

HAROLD INGHAM LTD.
15 St John's Road, Harrow

Better still, telephone HARrow 1040 or 1087.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

A STRAW HUT
on the shores of the
MEDITERRANEAN

A gay, exciting holiday – sailing, water skiing, underwater exploring, dancing under the stars – at the holiday villages of the

CLUB MEDITERRANEE
in Greece and Italy. Two weeks for under £50.

TRAVEL COUNSELLORS LTD.,
139 Kensington High St.
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. Western 1517.

SPANISH Riviera. Furnished chalets/flats available on golden beach between Barcelona and Sitges. Corr. Engl.: Holspan, Apartado 258, Barcelona.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

DUCHY of Luxembourg. 15-day cultural holiday for students and young professional persons both sexes. Includes tours of Duchy, Moselle and Trier. Arranged in cooperation with the Min. of Education, Luxembourg, and personally supervised. 23 July, 6 Aug. & 20 Aug. Fully incl. door to door 20 gns. Particulars: Reed, 3 New Sq., WC2.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holiday', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd., 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL 1193.

MICRO-bus trip to Tyrol 4–18 October, 75 gns. Details: Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Herne Bay 750.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

TABOUR and the Bomb; July Notes of the Month, R. P. Dutt; 'The Road to Brighton Pier' reviewed by D. N. Pritt, QC, in 'Labour Monthly' 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly, post free. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV 6807.

S/HD bks, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

DETAILED list of s/h books. Varied subjects, some Firsts. 24 Gladwell Rd, N8.

SOCIALIST, Communist books bought. LBC, Russia, Spain, pamphlets. Rare Books, 160 Edgwarebury Lane, Edgware, Mx.

SMOKING—the Cancer Controversy'. Sir Ronald Fisher, ScD, FRS, Britain's senior statistician, rejects the statistical evidence relating lung cancer to smoking in this fascinating pamphlet. Price 2s. 6d. from all booksellers or direct (2s. 9d. post free) from the publishers Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court, High Street, Edinburgh, 1.

D. H. LAWRENCE'S 20 poems illustrated by M. A. Coté. It is a hand-made edition de luxe, limited to 65 copies. Price: 6 gns. HAM 1976, studio 10 or Box9230.

FOR Sale. Enc. Brit. 14th Ed. 24 vols; exc. cond. £30 o.n.o. Ashtead (Sy) 3286.

MOUNTAINEERING, New List ready. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sx. (Tel. 2951).

OVERSEAS orders for all types of books welcomed. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

SCHOOLS

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm, TT cows. All-round pratical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9–18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery. Open all the year round for children 2½–5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.–6.30 p.m. Mon.–Fri. For further particulars Tel: Principal MOU. 0936.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John H. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School 38–40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group of full and weekly boarders accepted. Weekends at country house in Chiltern Hills 800ft above sea. French-Engl. holiday group (August). Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

OPERA

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Evenings at 7.30

6 & 17 July. Madama Butterfly (in Italian)

7, 9, 11, 13 & 15 July. Carmen

8 July. The Carmelites (last perf.)

10, 14, 16 & 18 July. Lucia di Lammermoor —(in Italian)

Opera Season ends 18 July

COV. 1066

THEATRES

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

TER 1672

Until 11 July

Evenings 7.30, Mat. Sats. 2.30

LA FAMILLE HERNANDEZ

The Laughter Show from Paris

ARTS, TEM 3334. Last 2 days, 5 & 8, 'Ulysses in Night town'. Mems.

ROYAL Court, SLO 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15, Mats. Thurs. 2.30. Joan Plowright in 'Roots', by Arnold Wesker.

TOWER. 7.30, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10 July, 11 July (mat. & evg): 'Much Ado about Nothing'. CAN 5111 (6–8.30), 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. No perfs. Inter-racial Friendship Dance, 11 July, 7.30–12. 2s. 6d.

CONCERTS

A PROGRAMME OF INDIAN MUSIC
by the well-known Music Director
S. D. BURMAN
on Tues. 7 July, 1959, at St Pancras Town Hall at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d., 6s. & 3s. 6d., available from:
INDIA FILM SOCIETY,
31A John Adam St WC2 (TRA 2110) or at the door.

JOSH White Concert – St Pancras Town Hall, Thurs. 16 July at 8 p.m. Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. from Collet's, 70 New Oxford St, or Roy Guest, 12 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3. Tel. SWI 2732. Unreserved at the door 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex Suns) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Until 5 July: Cocteau's 'Les Enfants Terribles' (X). From 6 July: Simone Signoret in Clouzot's 'Les Diaboliques' (The Fiends) (X) Unabridged.

ROXY (BAYswater 2345) W.c. 5 July, Cecile Aubry, Michel Auclair, 'Manon', Adults only (X). 'Victory at Sea' (A).

'THE Impostor' A beautiful Japanese film (English sub-titles) Royal Commonwealth Society Assembly Hall, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. Thursday, 9 July 1959 at 7 p.m. Tickets available from: The India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. Prices: 2s., 3s., 4s. Members. Non-members 1s. extra.

ICA, 17 Dover St W1. 'At Home' with dancing. Wed. 8 July, 8.30–11 p.m. Entr. free for members, their guests 1s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat. 4 July, 8–11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

SUMMER Dance. Hampstead Labour Party and Central London Fabian Society, Hampstead Town Hall, Saturday, 4 July, 8 p.m. Tickets 4s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture—Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. Opens Tuesday, 7 July. To 11 Sept. 10–5.30. Sats. 10–1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Last three days. Today and Saturday 11–6; Sunday 2–6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions—Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Ayrton; New Works by Vieira Da Silva; and Paintings by Jawlensky. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 10 July.

NUDES of Jean Straker — Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings by Kit Barker. 10–6, Sats. 10–1, 2 Cork St, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St. W1. MAYfair 4419. George Fullard—Drawings, Karl Weschke and John Davison—Paintings. 29 June-18 July. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—Continued

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, EC4. French Drawings of the 19th & 20th Century; Recent Paintings by Arthur Ballard. (Weekdays 10–5.30, Saturdays 10–1.) Closing 31 July.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Williams Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER 3529) Circus Family & Sun Child: Francis Rose.

ICA, 17 Dover Street W1. E. C. Gregory Memorial Exhibition. 9 July to 15 August. Weekdays 10–6, Sats 10–1. Admission 1s., members free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. John Ratcliff and Manuel Benaim. Till 11 July, daily 10 a.m.–6 p.m., except Sundays.

KAPLAN Gallery. Impressionist Paintings by Henri Martin 6 Duke Street, St James's.

EVERYMAN Foyer Gallery, Hampstead. Paintings by Francis Hughes. Daily 2–10 p.m. Until 26 July.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
END OF SERIES PARTY
Dancing, Cabaret, Refreshments & Licensed Bar
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St. W1. Mon. 6 July, 7.30
Mems. 2s. 6d., Non-mems. 3s. 6d.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers invites you to a meeting to be held in the Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4, on Monday 6 July 1959 at 6.30 p.m. 'Detention without Trial in British Territories'. Speaker: Dingle Foot, QC, MP. Chairman: F. Elwyn Jones, QC, MP.

'THE Meaning of the Quaker Peace Testimony'. Speaker: Richard K. Ullmann. Sunday 5 July, 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

PROBLEMS of the 7-Year Plan: Soviet economist V. Sofronchuk talks at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W8 at 7.30 p.m. on Thurs. 9 July. Adm. 1s. 6d.

PALME Dutt: Is Marxism still valid? 59 Society, Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate. Thur. 9 July, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. All welc.

SUMMERHILL Society. 10 July, 7.45, Conway Hall. 'Kilquhanity House', film and lecture by John Aitkenhead, founder and Headmaster. Adm. 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Design. Richard Hamilton 'The Design Image of the Fifties', Tuesday, 7 July, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun, 5 July, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Counters to Egoism': H. J. Blackham.

IS God a Person" Public Lecture & Questions, Sun. 5 July, 8 p.m. Free literature s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. (PAD 0688.)

VEDANTA Movement, lecture by Swami Avyaktananda, 'Judaism and Universal Righteousness' (Fourth lecture on Faiths and World Fellowship) at Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, on Friday, 10 July at 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Annual General Meeting, Wed. 8 July, 6.30. This is of course for members only, but about 7 p.m. the meeting will be thrown open to the public and the President, Mr Christmas Humphreys, will give an address. Read our quarterly 'The Middle Way' (3s. post free). Information TAT 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m. Upanishads, Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs, 9 July, 7.30, Conway Hall, Holborn: 'The Hindu Conception of Spiritual Life'. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING

DR WEISSMAN and George Paloczi-Horvath will lecture at the ILP Week-end School, 4/5 July at 'The Hallams', Guildford. Fee: 22s. 6d. inclusive. Contact Arthur Duncan, 6 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HOLBORN College of Law, Languages and Commerce. Senior Secretarial Course with Modern Languages. Session 1959-60. The College is planning a one-year's full-time Senior Secretarial Course, which will be followed by a second year for suitable students in which French, German and French shorthand will be included in addition to English shorthand and typewriting including audiotyping, and the usual commercial subjects. Entry to the course will be open to any person with three GCE passes at the ordinary level of which English Language must be one. Further details of the Course and provisional application forms can be obtained from the Head of Department of Commerce and Law, Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce, Princeton St, London, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Notice to Graduates and those about to Graduate in Science. The Faculty offers a one-year course for graduates wishing to prepare for a career in management, leading to the Graduates' Commerce Diploma. Applications for admission to the course, starting in October 1959, and requests for further information, should be made as soon as possible to the Registrar, University of Birmingham, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has accepted this course as suitable, in the case of candidates with hons degrees in Science, for the tenure of its Advanced Course Studentships.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

WLADYSLAW Sheybal – actor, producer Warsaw National Theatre, National Acting Prize 1951, part 'Composer' in film 'Kanal', can accept pupils acting, production. Summer vacation in Hampstead. Apply for audition 31 Wellington Sq, Oxford, till 15 July.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

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